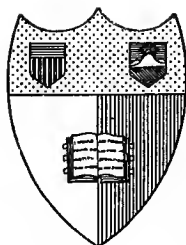


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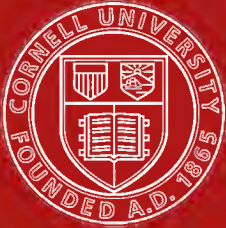
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Col J. Armoyn Knox
Can. Yacht Club
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aka
Jrip.

By
J. Armoyn Knox
Illustrated
Thos. Worth.

The Next Number of
"THE UNIQUE SERIES"

Will Consist of

"The Man from Texas,"

A NOVEL,

And will be issued

1st December, 1888.



—OR—

The Log of The Yacht Champlain.

AS KEPT BY

J. ARMOY KNOX,

(Of Texas Siftings),

AND ILLUSTRATED BY

GHOS. WORTH.

NATIONAL LITERARY BUREAU,

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PUBLISHERS PREFACE



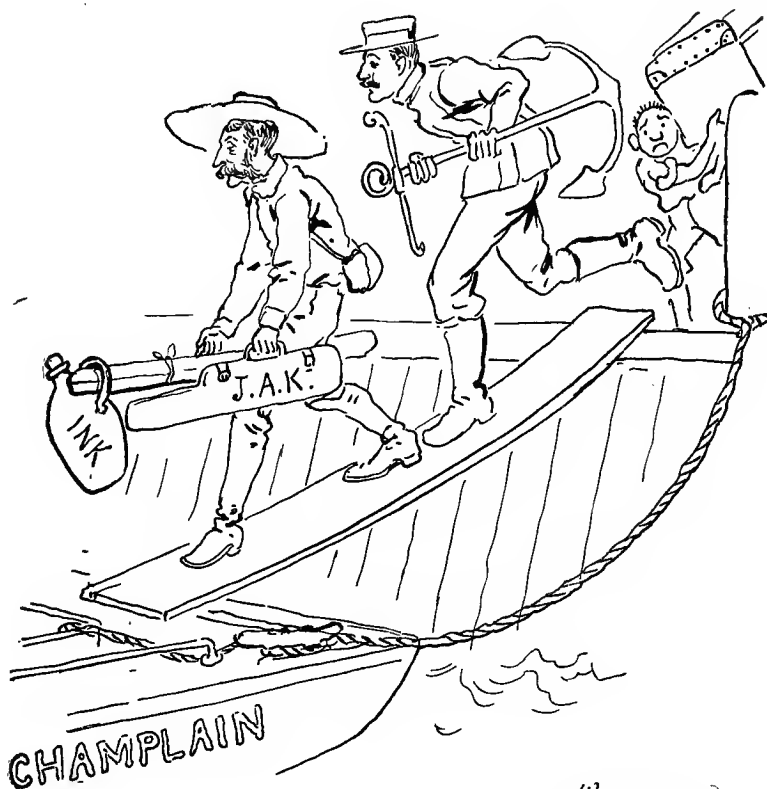
J. ARMOY KNOX, the author of this book, had the yacht Champlain built, and, accompanied by "Adirondack" Murray, sailed on her from Lake Champlain through the Richelieu river into the Saint Lawrence, down to the Saguenay; from thence out into the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, around Nova Scotia, and to New York via Boston.

The records of the trip, as written by COLONEL KNOX, were published, in the form of weekly letters, in the

BOSTON HERALD,
NEW YORK WORLD,
SAN FRANCISCO POST,
CHICAGO HERALD,
TORONTO MAIL,
MILWAUKEE SENTINEL,
PHILADELPHIA PRESS,

and other newspapers.

The pages of this book consist of these letters—including the editor's headlines and printers' errors—as they were cut from the columns of the above mentioned newspapers and photo-engraved, with the addition of the illustrations by Thos. Worth.



(Letter to New York World.)

AN INTERNATIONAL CRUISE.

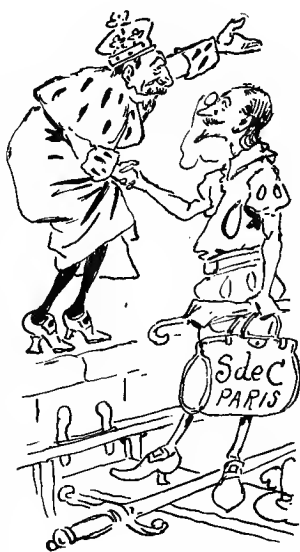
ARMOY KNOX AFLOAT.

**Unloading a lot of Ignorance—Some
Gentle Old Ruffians and their
Imported Theology—A Little His-
torical Lecture.**

[Copyright, 1887, by J. Armoyn Knox.]

To start on a cruise of many thousand miles requires a great deal of preparation, especially when you have to build and equip a yacht, as we had to do. There are vast numbers of odds and ends to be gathered, and many of them to be brought from long distances.

The yacht we sail in is named Champlain after Samuel de Champlain, a Captain of French marines, who came to America in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He discovered and gave his name to the lake on which our yacht was built. He was sent by King Henry IV. of France to Canada to hold and



govern it in his name and to convert the Indians to Christianity.

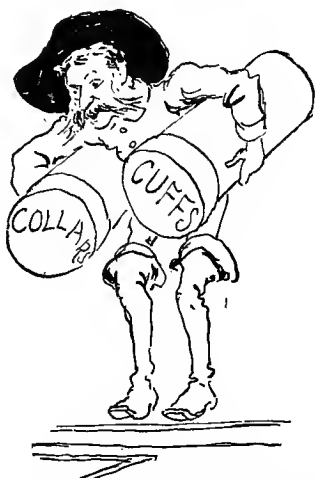
King Henry instructed "Our well-beloved Lieut. Samuel de Champlain to make great search for gold in those strange and distant lands and possess thyself of as much treasure as you may, and bring it back in the goodly ships; also seize and bring some of the natives to work in our royal galleys; and, above all, concern thyself diligently to convert those savage men of that country to our most holy faith."

What a quaint Christian scoundrel was the fourth Henry of France. If he had lived in this land of ours, and in this age, he would not have sent his well-beloved Lieutenant to Canada. He would have worked for Christianity in the Sunday-school, would have—aldermanically or otherwise—possessed himself of "much treasure" and would have then gone to Canada himself.

Champlain obeyed the royal instructions. He got very little gold, but in his ardor to Christianize the natives he bruised his shoulder firing lead into "the savage men" out of an old smooth-bore called an arquebuse. The poor red man has always suffered through the Christian zeal of his white brother. Whenever an invader on any part of this continent met an Indian he either tried to make him a Christian and then shot him, or he tried to Christianize him and then sold him adulterated rum. The result was about the same in each case. Twenty-five years before Champlain began firing religion into the Iroquois and the Huron on the St. Lawrence, another soldier of the Cross, named Hernando Cortez, sailed from Spain to conquer and Christianize the sunburned Aztec. Before departing he evoked the blessing of God and of the saints. A year afterwards, by his order, his Lieutenant, Alvarado, massacred, at the City of Mexico, 600 Aztecs, who declined to pay him tribute and accept his plan of salvation, and then he followed this up by a day of public thanksgiving and prayer.

Sixty years afterwards monks of the order of St. Francis of Assisi arrived on the Rio Grande, at what is now El Paso, Tex., and there built forts and churches and, aided by Spanish soldiers, proceeded to jam the Comanche Indians full of imported theology. Those who refused to make profession of faith had spades handed to them and were put to work digging irrigating ditches, while a Spanish musket, with a soldier at the end of it, occupied a portion of the adjacent atmosphere. The tough Indians, who would neither work nor convert, were kindly persuaded with a thumb-screw by the good monks. When thus reasoned with they usually embraced the Christian religion and afterwards died of alcoholism in that faith.

Oh, they were zealous missionaries and godly pioneers, those genial old ruffians who sailed away from home to strange and distant lands, from which they wrote piously worded despatches to their royal masters, recounting their perils and sufferings, which they meekly bore for their religion's sake and what they could steal from the aborigines! The religion of Christ is the purest, sweetest, grandest faith



that has ever blessed humanity, but what an army of cutthroats, thieves and thugs have used it as an excuse for the doing of deeds of devilish darkness!

I shall change the subject, however, as I am not engaged to write history, but to tell the truth about this yachting cruise of ours. I went down to see our yacht yesterday morning for the first time and stayed on board last night. She is of very graceful lines and has quite a jaunty air as she rides at anchor on the smooth surface of the lake. She has been built especially strong, with a view to safety, for we expect to cruise in some rough waters. The last time I sailed the ocean blue was a year ago, when I came from Liverpool to New York on the Etruria. The Cunarder is larger than our yacht. I discovered this on attempting to pull my valise into my cabin on the yacht. I found that to get it in there, and to leave any room for myself and a box of collars and cuffs that I wanted to take with me, I would have to saw six inches off the end of it. I asked Mr. Murray to please have the valise stowed away in the

hold. Then I made another discovery. Mr. Murray kindly but firmly informed me that there was no hold in the Champlain. I discovered many other differences between our yacht and the Etruria. The place where the main saloon and the smoking-room would be in the Champlain, if she did not differ from the Etruria, is occupied in our yacht by the centre-board. I do not know what a centre-board is, but that is what it is called, and it occupies a central position and is about three and a half inches thick. To give you a better idea of her dimensions I would state that there are two main cabins. They are both of the same size; one is on the port and one on the starboard side.

Mr. Murray occupies the starboard cabin or saloon, which has a rose-pattern carpet on it, and into which projects the handle of the pump. There is only one berth in this saloon. It consists of a mattress, which in the daytime is hung against the wall, and is carefully spread out on the floor at night. On this Mr. Murray sleeps. As he is a large man, and broad of shoulder, he generally lies down on his left edge, because if he were to turn on his back to better enjoy his repose he would bulge out the starboard side of our yacht. The port side is occupied by the artist of the expedition and myself—that is, when we occupy a perpendicular or a sitting position. When either lies down to sleep the other is crowded out, and goes up on deck and chews fine-cut. We take alternate watches. The artist says that mine below must be a Waterbury, because it takes so long to wind up. My saloon has also a carpet of the same rose-pattern as the other, but mine has water-marks in irregular spots all over it, and there is a cold fowl wrapped in a napkin in the corner. I do not know what the fowl is there for unless it is because there was not room for him elsewhere. As he lies there cold and still in death, he gives evidence of having been a fine rooster before he was struck down by the ruthless hand of some unfeeling hired girl. It would seem to me more appropriate to lay his



painful punishments that we should like to inflict on the man who caused the delay. We tried to catch fish, but the fish wouldn't bite. Then we went up to the town again, threw a brick at a cow, and bought two blue flannel shirts and some more drug store beverages. Then we came back to our camp and retired to bed in a great gaunt gob of gloom.

Next morning a further discovery was made. The intelligent mechanic was found with a wet towel around his head, and he said that he would be something or other—"blowed," I think, was the expression—if he would do any work that day.

He kept his word.

So we had one more day of waiting, and we were sore afraid that it would lengthen into two, or maybe, three.

Then our captain bold spake up,

And up spake he;

And his language, it was bad

As bad could be.

It was regarding the intelligent mechanic that he spoke. The latter was a French-Canadian, so the captain thought it appropriate to use the French language in speaking of him; that is why I say that the

CAPTAIN'S LANGUAGE WAS BAD.

He does not know French, he only thinks he does.

The day slowly sinks into the crypt of the days that have been as I sit on the banks of Lake Champlain and look across the 10 miles of its rippling waters—across to where more than 50 peaks of the Adirondack mountains can be seen.

As I look I think of other days—days of long ago—and of the scenes that they have witnessed here. I see into the haze of the centuries, and there, in the forests, and in the green valleys that wind in and out among those grand old hills, I behold the bark-built hut of the aboriginal inhabitant—the red man who knew of no other lands or nations or peoples beyond the big waters of the sunrise. I see the maiden swinging merrily on a vine branch, the mother patiently preparing the skins of beasts for their scanty clothing, and away up among the rocks and the pines on the hill tops the young men with bow and arrow hunting bear and deer, and down by meandering streams in sunlit valleys, with hook of bone and sinew of deer, are those who strive for the game whose home is in the water, and there are others in their rude log canoes, hollowed by hatchet of stone or brand of fire, floating lazily on the mirror-like bosom of the lake. And the white wings of Peace and a halo of Contentment are over all. Happy and unmolested, and loving their homes, dwell these simple people in an Arcadia that we of to-day can never know.

Forward through the ages my mental vision reaches, and I come to within 300 years of our own time. I look and I see the



same valley, mountain and lake. The red man is still there, and almost the same does he seem. His bows, arrows and ornaments are of somewhat finer workmanship, and his birch bark canoe has replaced the hollow log. But there is a change, peace has flown and contentment has vanished. The war cry has taken the place of the whisper of love, and, tribe against tribe, fierce battles are waged, and nature's emerald carpet is

CRIMSON WITH THE BLOOD OF MEN.

Theirs is the whole land, from the pine regions of the north to the palmetto swamps of the south, but they fight over its division, they wage war for gain, they take up arms for ambition's sake, and they plunder and despoil each other in the name of patriotism.

I look again and I see enter this lake—sailing along its shores in a canoe—the first white man whose eye has ever rested on its waters. It is a luckless day, an ill-fated moment for the Indian, when this man—Samuel de Champlain, a captain of France—lands on its shores. The sound of his first gun-shot is the death-knell of the red man in all the region of the St. Lawrence. Friendly with some and at enmity with other tribes, Champlain, and those who succeed him as representatives of the King of France, use the strength and the weakness of tribes in arraying them against each other; they profit by their virtues and vices, and eventually absorb their lands and ruin their national and tribal lives.

To-day as I sit looking across the lake I see them not. They are among the things that were. But the hills are still as grand, the valleys still as green, and river and lake still as clear as when, centuries ago, in those halcyon days of old, the red man owned them all.

Vae victis.

J. ARMOY KNOX.



(Letter to Philadelphia Press.)

A GREAT YACHT CRUISE

J. Armoy Knox and "Adirondack" Murray
Start on Their Journey.

THE HUMORIST'S FIRST LETTER.

Why He Was Discharged from the Position
of Yacht's Cook.

OUTLINE OF THE PROPOSED VOYAGE

Up the St. Lawrence, Down the Saguenay
and Along the Coasts of Nova Scotia
and Labrador—A Bad Day's Fishing,
a Charming Night on
the Lake and a Wonderful
Exhibition
of Paddling.

Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

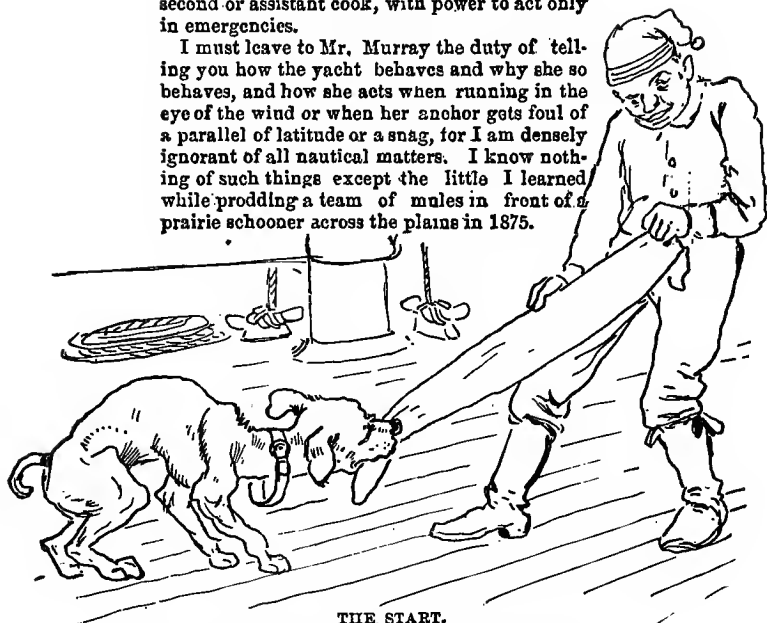
ON BOARD THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN, }
LAKE CHAMPLAIN, July 18. }

The last fishing rod, the last rifle and the last can of condensed milk were stowed away on board, the hawser was cast off from the shore and the yacht Champlain, with her sails filled by a Southwest breeze, sailed out into Lake Champlain on the first day of what will be a three months' cruise through lake, and river and sea—a cruise that will be thousands of miles in extent, and that will carry her and her owners into strange waters. From Lake Champlain through the Richelieu River, into the St. Lawrence; up the Ottawa to the Capital of Canada; to Quebec, a city quaint and curious; through the sombre Saguenay out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and along the coast of Nova Scotia and, perhaps, Labrador.

The Champlain was built specially for this voyage. She is a schooner rigged, centreboard yacht built and equipped with a view to speed and safety. The verdict of those who have seen her sail is that she is as pretty a piece of naval architecture as ever shadowed water. Mr. W. H. H. Murray, who modeled the yacht, is in command. We have also a captain and a crew. Mr. Murray is an experienced yachtsman. The captain is a seaman of ability. The crew is a Frenchman who answers to the name of Archie, and who, when not acting in

the capacity of a crew, performs the duties of cook. In camp, two days before we sailed, I received the appointment of cook, but being too ambitious I lost the position. I aspired to make an omelet and I made it. It turned out to be of the kind that when stretched out and then let go at one end flies back with a snap. At the Captain's suggestion it was tried on the ship's dog; when he declined to injure his digestive organs with it, I was degraded to the rank of second or assistant cook, with power to act only in emergencies.

I must leave to Mr. Murray the duty of telling you how the yacht behaves and why she so behaves, and how she acts when running in the eye of the wind or when her anchor gets foul of a parallel of latitude or a snag, for I am densely ignorant of all nautical matters. I know nothing of such things except the little I learned while prodding a team of mules in front of a prairie schooner across the plains in 1875.



THE START.

We sailed away from Burlington after breakfast. A light breeze carried us over the deep blue of Lake Champlain out into the middle of its ten miles of width, where we encountered a strong wind. The surface of the lake was lumpy with white crested waves chasing each other before the wind. Something was done to the sails, the centre-board was tampered with, and we headed for the Canadian line at the Northern end of the lake. It was an ideal yachting day, and just what we wanted to test the sailing qualities of our yacht. Skimming up the lake we went with the peaks of the Adirondack Mountains on our port and the cloud-capped Green Mountains in the distance on our starboard bow. The port is the left hand and the starboard is the right-hand side of the boat looking forward. I know this because I went into the cabin and consulted my library and it said so. My library consist of one consecutive volume of the Yachtsman's Manual and I keep

it in a tin bucket to prevent it getting wet. If I can spend an hour every day in my library I may, before the end of this cruise, know enough of nautical etiquette to go below when it rains.

Champlain is 130 miles in length. On each side are many sheltered bays and secluded inlets. The shores are thickly wooded from the water's edge, and few signs of human habitations are to be seen. We ran almost twenty miles in two hours, and the yacht acted nobly. As her admiring pilot expressed it, she ran "like the ghost of a scared cat." During the two hours' run I was not in a perpendicular position more than two seconds at one time, although heavily ballasted with a breakfast of expensive canned groceries and an unwritten article on "Beans as a Factor in the Nation's Growth."

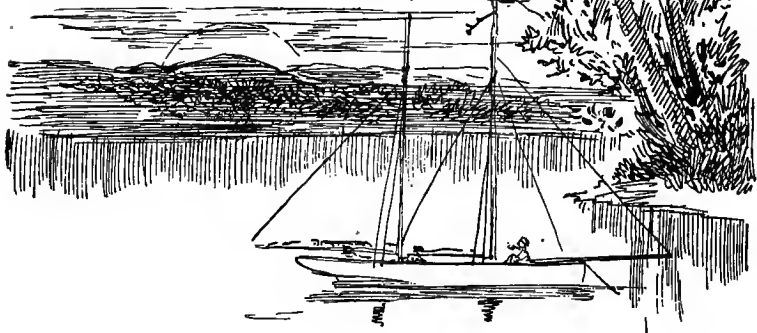
We ran in near the shore and anchored. We sent the tender ashore for eggs and milk while the artist and I cast a line to leeward with intent to secure some of the bass with which the lake is said to be well stocked, but the bass declined our bogus insects, india rubber frogs and feather duster flies. Small fish about four inches in length and called chubs were hungry and hung themselves on our hooks with distressing frequency. We were fishing for bass and wanted nothing else. The artist, after hauling out more than twenty chubs, attached to his sinker a card on which was written:

All small fish, especially chubs,
are requested
not to bite
nor monkey with the bait.

The number of bass we didn't catch would bankrupt the numerical system.

SUNSET ON THE LAKE.

After luncheon the wind went down and we sailed before a light breeze until we came to a quiet bay on the Eastern shore, where we cast anchor for the night. The waters of the lake became perfectly smooth and the sun went down behind the Western hills in unusual splendor.



What a picture it was—the yacht, with her white wings folded, resting without motion on the purple bosom of the lake, a background of emerald forest and mountain, glimpses of the great dome of deepest blue through rifts of cloud masses glorious in crimson and gold. No picture ever painted had such wealth of gorgeous tints. Such contrasts of colors so harmoniously blended never came from painter's palette. Art never mixed her colors with such matchless skill nor covered canvas with such magnificent prodigality of hues. As the day faded into night the purple went out of the waters, the gold in the clouds changed to gray, darkness filled the avenues in the woods and clothed the mountains with a mantle of gloom, and then star after star came out until, when the clouds drifting in upper currents passed beyond the horizon, the whole firmament was studied with sparkling jewels. I have seen the day go and the night come in many lands, but never before have I seen the transformation accompanied by such beautiful effects, and never have I seen as perfect a Summer night. There was a stillness as if the world and all therein were dead, the usual lapping sound of water on the beach was absent, beat of heart and tick of watch were all of sound that the ear could detect, and those slight sounds only served to deepen the silence. Lying on the deck and looking up at the worlds and suns and planets that glistened and sparkled in the great concavity of celestial space, and then, looking over the side into the water, there seemed to be no water there, but instead, as we looked down through a great void, we saw what appeared another and similar galaxy of lustrous worlds and suns gleaming and scintillating in the lower half of the azure vault, and our boat seemed to be floating in space—the centre of the universe. It was like a dream—a phantasy. Small, trivial and insignificant do we and do our ambitions, our labors, and our lives seem amid such surroundings. What thoughts come to us amid these scenes. My speculations as to what lay beyond our earthly being were interrupted by Mr Murray, who broke the silence and the spell.

SKILL IN PADDLING.

He said: "Do you think it would be possible on such a still night as this to paddle a boat right on to you if you were camped on the beach—paddle it so silently that, however, intently you might listen, you would not know that boat or paddle was on the lake until they came within the circle of your campfire's light? Well, it is possible. The savage learned to do it that he might undiscovered approach the game he hunted or ambush his enemy. Come with me and I shall show you how it is done. Years

ago I learned to do it, and to-night we shall test whether my hand has forgotten its cunning. A canoe would be better, but we shall try what can be done with this light boat. Hand me my old paddle; yes, I have owned it for a long time, and, in days that are gone, it carried me through many miles of lake and river. Take a seat in the stern with your back toward me. Shut your eyes so that your whole attention may be concentrated on detecting the sound of the paddle in the water. Now keep perfectly still until the boat becomes steady and until I get ready to start." I shut my eyes and I waited. I could hear a bull frog on the shore a quarter of a mile away, the creaking of a rope in a block on the yacht, and the faint splash of a fish leaping away out in the lake. No other sound reached my ear. The boat had settled down in the water and was absolutely without motion. After waiting probably five minutes, I said: "Well, are you not ready to start?" Then from the bow of the boat came a laugh that filled the whole bay with hilarious sound, and that went away up among the hills on the other shore and came echoing back in merry ha-ha-has. I opened my eyes and found that branches of trees swung over my head and that we were within two feet of the shore. Without sound or perceptible motion we had passed over the water between the yacht and the beach. It was a wonderful exhibition of skill—skill born of circumstances, conditions and necessities requiring that the craft and strategy of man be pitted against the more acute senses of bird and beast.



(Letter to New York World.)

AN INTERNATIONAL CRUISE.

ARMOY KNOX'S VERSION.

His Disposes of Some of His Superfluous Historical Knowledge, Exhibiting a Remarkable Familiarity with the Accomplishments of Huron and Iroquois—The Delights of Doing Nothing—The Canadian Way of Making a Lemonade.

ON BOARD YACHT CHAMPLAIN, July 28.—What historic ground this is around Lake Champlain, what fierce contentions have been here, and what savage battles have been fought on these shores and in these waters! In the long ago this was the dividing line between the region claimed by the Hurons on the north and that owned by the "Five Nations" on the south—a bloody arena where, for many years, the war-cry echoed from these hills almost continuously, as savage met savage in deadly strife. Then the French came, and almost the first thing they did was to make war in these woods. Samuel de Champlain, the representative of the King of France, and the first white man who ever saw this region, came up here from the St. Lawrence one summer day nearly three hundred years ago, and with him were two other Frenchmen and a war party of Huron Indians. On the banks of the lake they encountered some two hundred Iroquois warriors, the mortal enemies of the Hurons. The latter waited the attack of the Iroquois until they advanced to within bow shot. Then the ranks of the Huron warriors opened and Champlain and the other two Frenchmen stepped forward in front of the line. They wore steel armor and each was armed with a gun called an arquebuse. The Iroquois were filled with amazement when they beheld these strangely attired men of a race they knew not. To their amazement was added terror at the sound of the Frenchmen's guns and at the deadly effect of the four bullets with which each was loaded. The Iroquois were panic-stricken and easily defeated, and the Hurons killed and scalped many of them.

Soon after this time the warriors of the "Five Nations" obtained guns through trade with the Dutch of Manhattan, and the wars between them and the Indians of the North continued. Then the French claimed the territory by right of discovery, and erected forts on Lake Champlain. The English also claimed it by virtue of treaty with the "Five Nations," and for years, beginning with the middle of the eighteenth century, the rhythm of nature's melody—song of bird, rustle of leaf and ripple of water—was broken in upon by the jarring sounds of battle and was lost amid the discord

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of beat of drum, boom of cannon and yell of
savage combatant. The conflict went on, and
thousands of gallant Frenchmen, brave English-
men and fearless savage allies were slain.

The French passed out of the lake forever in
1759 and the English flag floated over the old
fort. There was peace for a time, and deer and
panther, bear and beaver, came back to their old
haunts in forest and stream, and on the rocky
heights of Ticonderoga grass grew within the
walls of the fort, and in cannon's mouth spiders
spun their silken webs. Only a few years of
tranquillity and once more there was tumult
and the fort was taken by Ethan Allen "in the
name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental
Congress." And then Burgoyne, with over
seven thousand British soldiers, came into the
lake and again was heard the clash of arms,
and blood flowed, and men died.

With the nineteenth century came peace to
the region of Champlain, and only the suns of
summer and the frosts of winter have since at-
tacked the old fort of Ticonderoga. Am I not
right in saying that around this lake echo more
memories of strife and warfare than go to make
our country's history than around any other
spot on the continent?

DOWN THE RICHELIEU.

We sail down into the Richelieu River, which
flows from Lake Champlain into the St. Law-
rence, and is nearly one hundred miles in length.
The day is hot and the breeze is light as we
cross over the line into Canada and lazily glide
down the stream, passing occasional farm-
houses where the inhabitants come out and stare
at us. They seem surprised at the sight of a
yacht in these waters, and they gesticulate and
ask us where we are from, where we are going,
and don't we want to buy a bucketful of
blackberries. We meet lumber barges, great
strings of them, pulled by spluttering little
steam tugs, slowly moving south on their way
from Quebec to Albany or New York, and now
and then we pass a lonely boy sitting in a canoe
fishing in a lonely inlet. This is not the kind of
river that "rolls proudly on," or that "runs its
turbid race," or that "hies tumbling onward to
the azure main." It is a quiet, smooth, decor-
ous river that doesn't hie, or turb or roll, but
that takes its time to wander through sun and
shade, along meadows of green rushes, and past
banks clothed with spruce and maple, pine and
balsam.

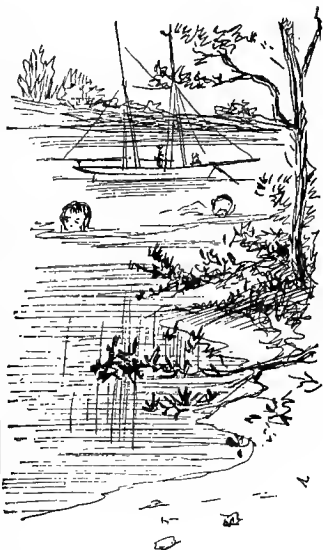
PLEASURES OF IDLENESS.

What a blessed thing is inaction! To a man

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tired of the rush and rattle and noise of a great city, worn and weary with the grave cares and petty worries of business, with the fight to hold one's own in life's struggle, and with the selfishness and heartlessness of men whose aim in life is the acquisition of position—the possession of money—to such a one, what a glorious condition of restfulness is this sailing on summer seas, this abandonment of cares, this indolent nomadism! No Castle of Indolence ever equalled a yacht on inland waters. No pleasures of idleness ever excelled this lying stretched out on deck, smoking a pipe and watching the panorama of leagues of picturesque scenery as it passes. You, who live on shore, have to go to your pleasures or send and have such things as entertain you brought to your homes. We have woods and waterfalls, mountains and valleys, towns and villages come to us and pass in review before us. Listen to me, you city people. Our days are filled with peace and pleasant companionship, no letters to read and answer, no visitors to interrupt, no bores to annoy, no trains to catch. At night cool breezes fan our faces as we sleep. The perfume of flower and tree and carol of nature's choristers greet us when we wake. Our bathroom is the whole expanse of cool river and sandy beach. And then our appetites! They are



worth a King's ransom, for is it not pleasure to be hungry? and then such enjoyment it is to eat when sauces are not needed to create desire for food. Now, think of this when the midnight music from the back yard fence and the odor from the ash barrel in the alley greet you when you wake on some of these hot nights, and think of it as you absorb your morning stimulant to spur your lethargic appetite. And again, think of it when you run to catch a train and get a cinder in your eye. Then, when you miss the train and have said the first bad word you think of, I want you to sit down and, while you wait for the next train, spend the time in envying us. Yes, I wish you to envy us, but only for the reason that doing so may suggest to you that it would be good for you and yours to take such a rest and such a trip as we are taking, and it may cause you to do so some day. We are pioneering the way through these waters, and we hope to induce many to follow our path and our plan. You need rest, my overworked business brother, and so do you, my professional friends—you doctors and you lawyers. Steam engines require to be rested occasionally or they would not last out half their days, and so do you need rest and need it sorely, and if you take it you will lengthen your days and brighten your lives.

Here we are at St. Johns, the first town in Canada that we visit, and I go ashore to mail some letters. St. Johns differs but little from towns of its size in the States, except that many of the people speak French and that all move more slowly and do business more leisurely than do the people of the United States.

MAKING A LEMONADE.

Let me describe the languid, loitering way in which a Canadian does business. It was very

hot, and I wanted a lemonade. I entered a house on the door of which was a sign that read:

VINS ET LIQUEURS,
UNE SPECIALITE POUR LES
"COCKTAILS."

I made known my wants to the barkeeper, who, with the aid of a corkscrew, was trying to kill a fly on the counter. He missed the fly twice, and then followed it over to the beer keg and jabbed at it there until it escaped up among some old extract-of-beef cans on the top shelf. Then, in an indifferent, interrogative way, he said "Beer?" I repeated my order. He took a careful look at my sun-burned nose, and from the way he elevated his eyebrows I could see that he thought it strange that I should prefer lemonade to beer. He, however, made no remark, but took a lemon out of a drawer, got a knife and, after wiping it on his trousers, laid it down while he put his hand to his mouth to prevent the too sudden escape of quite an abundant yawn. After cutting the lemon into two parts he looked for something under the counter and behind a beer keg. Not finding it there, he seemed to remember something and went into a back room, from which he soon emerged with a wooden lemon-squeezer. Then he put some sugar in the glass, following that with a little water. At this point he suddenly went to the open window and conversed with a man across the street about the loan of a bird dog. He began again on my lemonade by squeezing half of the lemon into the glass. Then he looked out of the window and seemed to pursue a train of thought. It took so much time that I think he must have pursued it across the Canadian frontier, perhaps as far as Troy or Syracuse, N. Y. He went into the back room for ice, and, not being able to remember where his ice hammer was, he scratched his ear a moment, but memory would not respond, and he took a beer bottle and with it leisurely broke the ice and put it into the glass with some more water. Covering the glass with a conical tin vessel he rolled up his sleeves preparatory to shaking the beverage. At this moment he was interrupted by a man who smelled as if he had some connection with the engine-room of a tug. The man slammed an open letter down on the counter and said, "That's a devil of a letter for a man to get from his only son. Just cast your eye over that, Jed." The barkeeper paused on his first upward shake of my lemonade, and taking up the letter read it, and intimated that "it was a blooming shame." Then he changed



a dollar bill for a man in his shirt sleeves, who was playing some game in the next room. At last he shook my lemonade, and while he was searching for a straw to put into it I drank it, laid a dime on the counter, and went down to the wharf. Should I ever again want a lemonade in St. Johns I shall try to arrive there and order it the day before.

CANADIAN COURTESY.

I think the Canadians are more polite and obliging than are our people. I bought some stamps in the St. Johns Post-Office and tendered a five-dollar bill. The Postmaster expressed regret that he did not have change. He said that if I would pardon him and kindly wait he would go out and get the bill changed. He had no clerk to send, and he actually locked up the Post-Office and went around the block and procured the change. At the express office the agent was starting to the railroad station to meet the only train that day for New York. He expressed deep regret that he could not wait for the parcel I wished to send. He said, however, that after I got it sealed and addressed his son would run with it to the station, and if in time he would forward it. The young man waited until I had sealed the package; he then locked the express office, and the last I saw of him he was moving his legs in a very impetuous manner in the direction of the railroad station. I fear that two such acts of courtesy would hardly be met with in one day by a stranger in a United States town. Is it because we are such a busy people that we think we have not time to be courteous and obliging?

When Mr. Macdonald, the Mayor of St. Johns heard of our arrival, he called on us and entertained us handsomely at his house. Mr. Smith, the editor of the *News*, and some of the members of the Yacht Club also made our stay at St. Johns very pleasant, and Mr. Alex. Macdonald gave us welcome and material hospitality on his steam yacht. So our first impressions of Canada and Canadians are of a rose-tinted character.





A YACHTING CRUISE.

"TEXAS SIFTINGS" KNOX AFLOAT.

Down the Richelieu River to the St.
Lawrence—Adventures Among the
French Canadians—Canal Yachting
—The Pale Horse and its Driver—
Trading Devilled Ham—A
Waste of Good French.

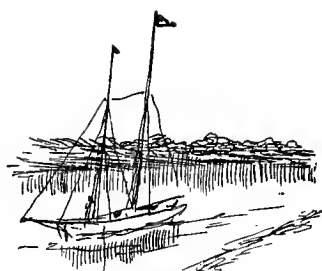
—A queer experience we have had to-day—twelve miles through a canal on a sailing yacht. It was unique and it was very interesting. After leaving Lake Champlain we sailed down the Richelieu River to St. Johns, a town in Canada. Here we came to a series of rapids. To get around these it is necessary to use the canal as far as Chambly. Before this canal was made the route around these rapids was a trail in the woods used by the Indians and by the French who followed them. Over this trail, which was called a "carry" or "portage," they carried their canoes and equipments until they came to deep water again. It was up the Richelieu, then called the "River of the Iroquois," that Champlain came when, nearly three centuries ago, he discovered the lake that now bears his name.

At St. Johns, where the evening before we had been hospitably entertained by members of the yacht club and by Mayor Macdonald, we entered the first lock of the Chambly Canal.

It was at 4 30 in the morning when a French Canadian, who looked like a pirate who had been up all night and had forgotten to change his clothes or wash his face since the fall of Quebec, awoke us with a wild yell as we lay out in the river off the town. He desired to inform us that he was the man who had been

engaged to pilot us through the vasty depths of the canal. He had about one hundred feet of rope in his hand, and to one end of the rope was attached a pale horse of nondescript breed and grotesque structure. This brute—I refer to the horse—was spavined and had an impediment in his aft-starboard leg. (You see I am getting posted in maritime language already.) When he lifted this leg he did it with a jerk as if he had stepped on a tack. He stood about thirteen and a half hands above the water line, and the only rigging he carried was the rope aforesaid, a singletree and a saddle.

We pulled into the lock, the gate was closed after us, the forward gate raised, and on the rising waters the Champlain floated until her deck was level with the top of the lock. As the sun appeared over the eastern hills we passed out of the lock into the canal, the tow line was made fast



to the yacht, the driver swore and

THE PALE HORSE GYBED

into the tow-path, and promenaded north with a swinging eccentric stride. The yacht went rushing through the wild waste of forty feet of surging waters at the rate of three to four miles an hour.

I have a number of friends who like yachting, but deny themselves the pleasure, fearing the attendant danger. They talk of squalls, and capsizing and running on a lee shore, and that sort of thing. Now, to all such timid people let me commend canal yachting. You have all the pleasure that you would have on the briny deep. For instance, you can keep your comb and brush, and socks and tobacco, and soap, and crackers all in one locker, just the same as if you were yachting on the azure main, and the wood of the locker will get damp and swell, and the thing wont open.

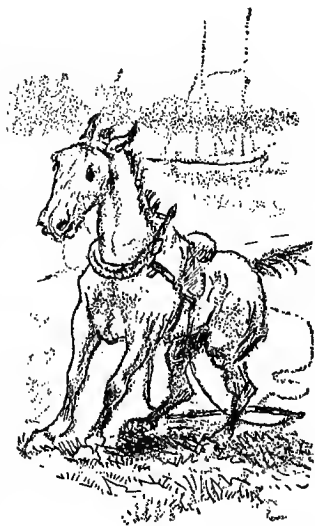
On a canal there are the same facilities



for falling over stern sheets and bobstays and buckets as there are elsewhere. Besides this, canal yachting really offers advantages and unique privileges that cannot be had on lake or sea. There are no sails to trim, no jibboom to knock off your cap and hit you on the back of the neck as it gybes, and, instead of running before the wind with your cap lashed down over your ears, you don't run at all; you merely glide along in the wake of a fifteen dollar horse who does not feel himself above his business. Then, if your horse should stray into a cornfield and run you on a lee shore, you can step off the deck on to lee shore and buy some buttermilk. Or, if you fall overboard and go to the bottom, you can stand up on the broken pickle bottles and lost buckets that canalers have dropped overboard and that you will find there. Should the yacht capsize in midstream you can run along the mainmast and drop down a farm house chimney, or swing yourself off on to a haystack.

I tell you—and I speak from experience—there be many advantages in canal yachting of which the deep sea yachtsman little woteth.

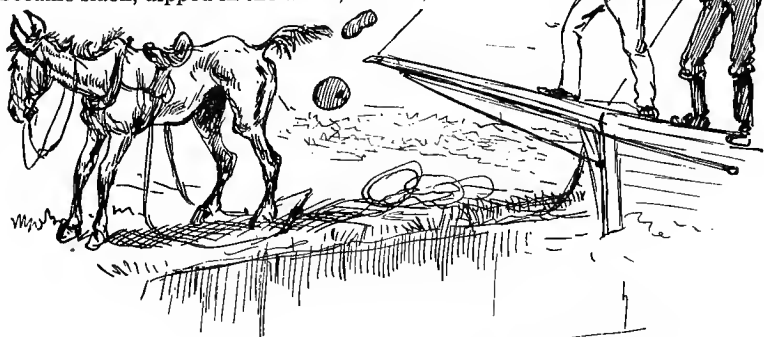
When the yachtsman on the moaning sea wants to stop he has to reef his sail and cast his anchor. When we wish to pause in our mad career on the canal we have merely to say "Belay" to the driver on the tow-path, and he says "Whoa," or its French equivalent, to the pale horse, and that makes him stop with an enthusiasm that scatters gravel over the adjacent scenery. I never saw a horse that could stop in a more unanimous way or belay on such small provocation. He also occasionally made an extemporaneous stop. One of these occasions was nearly being his last. There was a light breeze, and we had put up a small sail to lighten the labour of the old horse. The speed obtained by the yacht under sail required that he should trot to keep the tow line taut. He missed his driver, who had stepped into a house to get a light for his pipe, and he made one of his impromptu pauses. It was not quite what could properly be called a full stop, but more in the nature of a semicolon. The yacht kept



on at double the horse's speed and there was no means of stopping her. We suddenly realized that if that horse did not toddle along with more velocity there would presently be a dire catastrophe. We were lunching on deck at the moment and we promptly got up from the table. There was great tumult for a time and we began shouting at the horse to go on. The artist in his excitement yelled,

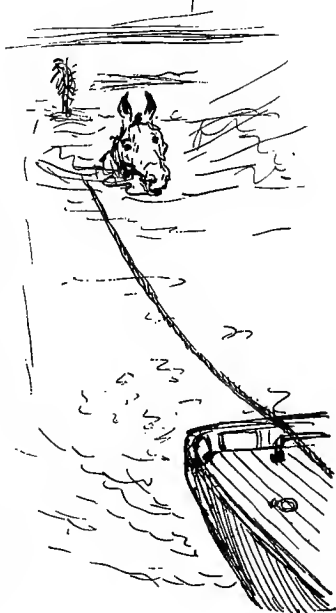
WHOOP! GIT UP!! FIRE!!! SCAT!!!!

and hit him on the jerky leg with a cold potato. Our impetuous cook threw a stove lid at him and the captain put his whole soul into a few boisterous notes on the fog horn. Deafness seemed to be one of the horse's many infirmities. Our cries of warning he heeded not. The tow line became slack, dipped in the water, trailed



along in a great loop, then as the yacht forged ahead of the horse the line gradually straightened out, rose dripping from the water, became taut, and whang! splash! yacht and horse had changed places; the yacht was towing the horse "stern on," as the nautical phrase goes. I cannot do descriptive justice to the wild and voluble excitement of the pirate driver when he saw us sailing away with his pale horse surging in our wake, and for the same reason I must leave you to imagine the pulling, hauling and profanity required to get the brute ashore.

I had a picture made of the yacht and her motive power. It was made from a photograph taken on the spot. I instructed the photographer to include me in the work of art. If he had obeyed my orders the picture would have graced this column. His only excuse for not including me in the photograph was that at the



time it was taken I was on ahead at a farmhouse, a mile away.

TRADING DEVILLED HAM.

I was at a farmhouse trying to trade a can of devilled ham for a pound of butter. I would not advise anyone to attempt this with a French-Canadian. Those who are on terms of intimacy with potted ham know that there is a picture of Satan with the conventional horns, hoof and tail inlaid in red ink on each can. This probably prejudiced the farmer against it. I explained to him in my most Parisian French what it was. He said he would rather not have me do it near the house, but that if I wished to go down behind the bluff I might touch the thing off there, where the explosion could not damage anything. I saw that he had failed to understand me. Some of these Canadians speak dreadful French. It is harsh and guttural, and not at all the French "as she is spoke" by me. It seems to me that it would give a man a sore throat to even think in such a *patois*. I explained that the stuff was not an explosive, that it was plain, everyday, granulated h-a double m—ham, and I supplemented this statement with signs intended to convey the idea that it was good to eat. He shook his head and said that he knew all about it, had tried it once, that they *did* die in the house, and that traps or terrier dogs were good enough for him.

I would suggest to those who may hereafter go canal-yachting in Canada that they do not waste a good article of French language nor a can of seaworthy devilled ham on the farmer they may meet by the wayside. If he did trade he would not appreciate the ham, and would possibly use it as a shaving lather or a plug to stop a leak in a wheel-barrow. He seems to be addicted to salt bacon which he uses as food, and the butter-milk habit has such a hold on him that he cares for no other stimulant.

I left the horny handed Canadian son of toil without succeeding in making a trade, but I had my little revenge. I dropped the ham into his well. Some day when the can attains a state of noxious desuetude, it will burst, and he will think he has struck a vein of antique lard in his drinking water.





LOG OF THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN

The Yachtsmen Cross the International Line.

KNOX'S OBSERVATIONS.

His Map and Comparisons Between Travel Here and in Canada.

On the map that I carry with me there is a marked contrast between Canada and the United States. On this chromatic chart Canada is distinguished by a pale glacial hue, suggestive of furs, frostbites and snowshoes. There seems to be a vast expanse of empty landscape and vacant lots between towns and the whole country appears to be sparsely settled with the few large letters of the alphabet that constitute the names of the several provinces. But on this map of mine the United States is all aglow with warmth of color, and the railroad lines are so numerous that they hardly leave room for mountain tops to appear between them, and there are mighty rivers depicted, and the cities and towns and villages are so numerous that their names are crowded over the edge of the continent, so that their last syllables float out on the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The map was not printed in Canada.

As we sail through Canadian rivers we note almost as much contrast between the two countries as is shown on the map.

When we cross the northern frontier of the United States there is no mistaking the fact that we are in Canada; but the contrast is not due to color, as

it is on my map. The hue of meadow and wood, river and sky, is just the same that we see in the States; but when we come to observe and study the people, their homes and their habits, we note a great difference. Of the 4,500,000 inhabitants of this country, there are almost

A Million and a Half

who are French or of French descent, and who still speak the language of France and conform to French customs in many things.

In some of the towns there is hardly a sign (on a tower or wall) painted or printed in English. In the country many of the houses are thatched with straw, and their pointed gables and queer little windows give them a quaint, old-world aspect. Years ago how hard it must have been for the French of Canada to put the English yoke around their necks, and how difficult for a man whose forefathers fought under Napoleon at Waterloo, or manned the guns within Quebec, to cheer with wild enthusiasm on the birthday of Queen Victoria. Yet I am told that these people are among the most loyal subjects of her gracious majesty. Queer isn't it? It hardly seems right that they should be governed by a people who are of another race and who speak a different language. The English never treated them as nations usually treat a conquered people, and perhaps that accounts for their loyalty. When Canada was lost to France and came under British rule, the English did everything possible to make the change easy and pleasant to the Canadians. They allowed them to retain their lands, the French laws were but slightly changed, and religious liberty was accorded them.

There are many evidences of thrift to be seen as we sail down the Richelieu river past farmhouses and barns, fields of golden wheat and oats, and meadows rich in grass and clover. There are farmhouses in sight all the time on both banks of the river, and every three or four miles there is a church. It is like a village of many miles in length, with the river as its only street. There are but few evidences of progress or improvement to be seen. There is none of that disposition to open up and develop the new and to improve the old that is characteristic of the enterprising, progressive, restless people on the other side of the line. The great, gaunt hand of

The Frost King

comes down heavily on these people. His reign is cruelly oppressive. He locks up canals and rivers—the Canadians' great arteries of commerce—during many dreary months of every year, and the farmer's seed time and harvest are but of short duration.

A beautiful country this is in the summer; but in winter how bleak and bare and frigid it must seem. No wonder that when that ancient mariner, Jacques Cartier, discovered this north-land, and sailed along its stern and rocky coast, he said: "It verily seemeth as if this might be the land to which God banished Cain."

There are many ways to travel, but if you desire to travel for pleasure and rest, let me commend to you a sailing yacht as a pleasant means of locomotion; and if you want to get away from the giddy world's unrest, from cares of business, and from all the worries and petty annoyances that make life in the city a daily round of wearying toil, I say to you go and do as we are doing.

"Cannot Spare the Time."

you say? Ah, well, then go on, my friend, and worry and toil, and get worn and weary and exhausted, and one day you will "spare the time;" aye, as far as this world's work is concerned, you will spare not only time, but eternity, too; and by the time you should have died, if you had lived a natural life, temperate in labor and indulgent in rest, the world will be whirling around as smoothly as if you had never been, and you will, long before, have been in your grave and forgotten. When the Lord made men he did not intend that they should be gray-haired, physical wrecks at 40, as so many are. He, doubtless, intended that they should not only work, but rest.

The majority of Americans do not seem to know how to rest. True, many leave the city in the summer, presumably in search of rest, but where do they go? Mostly to other cities and to crowded seaside villages where there is no rest. The character of labor and effort merely is changed,



and they experience as much physical and mental wear and tear as they would if they had remained at home. But you, my brother of the blue shirt and sun-bronzed face—you who, to escape the tumult and the throng of men and the vain cares that vex human life—go to mountain, lake or river with gun or rod, paddle or sail, I give my hand to you.

And you who swelter in the heat of city or town, how you would envy us if you could focus your mind's eye on us, and see us now, this cold, breezy morning, as we sail down along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence. A night of restful sleep, such sleep as depends on pure air, moderate exercise, a tranquil mind, and a body not exhausted by labor or dissipation; then a swim at sunrise, a row of a mile or so, an appetite for ham and eggs, the possession of which is a delight, an appetite that we lose and find three or four times a day—all this we have.



And after breakfast here we are with pipe in mouth, stretched prone on the quarter deck, lazily watching the ever-changing scenery go drifting by, as our yacht courses down the current of the great river of the north.

Danger? Well, no; nothing like the danger that hangs hourly over you in Boston. I might, perhaps, get choked to death with a fishbone stuck in my windpipe, or I might fall over a lee scuttle, or a maintop combing, or some other nautical obstruction, and abrade my skin, but that is the only danger to life or limb that I think we risk. There is no sewer gas to fear, no chimneys to fall on us, no policemen to club us, no mad dogs to bite us, no street cars to run over us, no man with a bill to ambush us, and, above all, no "keep off the grass" signs to admonish us, and no chance to be summoned on a jury.

How do we spend the time do you say? Well, we simply spend most of it—squander it, doing nothing, and we think that is

The Best Use To Which Holiday Time can be put. I have no patience with those old "improve the fleeting hour" frauds who are always firing at us admonitions to the effect that, if we





would only profitably use our spare moments, we would, etc., etc., etc. They tell us that, as the golden moments go howling down into eternity, we should occasionally wrench a few out of the calendar and improve them (any insurance company will furnish the calendar). Why, anyone can do this if he wishes; genius is not needed, brains are not absolutely necessary: all that is required is to snatch the moments as they fly and use them. Many have made fame and fortune by doing this. You have, doubtless, read in your Sunday school books of the man who every day utilized the time while he was shaving to write, and at the end of one year had completed a two-volume treatise on "The Cruelty of Using Worms as Bait." Sir James Ferguson, during one winter, while standing on the register waiting for his wife to warm the bed, invented the woven-wire bustle of commerce. William Penn grabbed small sections of the 17th century while he waited in the morning for his coffee to settle, and he utilized them in settling Pennsylvania and in laying out Philadelphia. I have read somewhere that both New York and Boston laid out Philadelphia, but I presume that was a mere printer's error.

The first Governor of Massachusetts while waiting for a street car always employed the golden moments profitably. We are told that it was on one of these occasions that he discovered beans. An uncle of mine mastered the French language and white-washed his barn—while paying off a mortgage.

Yes, time is money; I admit that we should use it all to the best advantage. Even the infinitesimal fragment of time that it takes a three-month note to mature in the bank should be utilized, if only in trying to get it renewed. George Washington was a great man, but he did not put his scraps of time to good use. He could not tell a lie. Now, if he had applied himself during his spare moments, say while crossing the Delaware, he might have been as distinguished a liar as any of us.



ARMOY KNOX GETS MAD

AT THE GODFATHERS OF OUR LAKES AND RIVERS.

He Discourses Indignantly and Eloquenty Upon the Bad Taste Displayed in These Modern Days in Naming Prominent Parts of the Earth's Crust—An Interesting Combination of Cook and Crew.

ON BOARD YACHT CHAMPLAIN.—The bad taste of some of the people who have been the godfathers of many of our lakes, rivers, mountains, and other prominent sections of the earth's crust is painful to think of, but evidence of it greets us every day. It sticks out and obtrudes itself on us on every hand. In these modern days is there neither poetry nor sentiment in the people who give names to places and things? The savage appreciated and selected names that were full of rhythm and melody. The eternal unfitness of calling a good valley

"DOG-TROT HOLLOW"

did not take hold on the untutored Indian; nor did it ever enter into the minds of the Spanish or French who came after them to disgrace a picturesque mountain peak with such a name as "Dolan's Nubbin." Neither did they name their towns after Jones, the railroad freight agent, or for the aldermanic Scroggs, as the people of the United States do so often. The Indians selected words with meaning and music in them, and the Spanish and French, after using up the names of all the saints, searched the realms of poetry and sweet sounds for names; for instance, when an Indian wished to give a distinctive appellation to a place at the confluence of two streams, he would call it "The-place-where-the-bright-waters-meet-and-don't-you-forget-that-it's-a-daisy-spot," or

HYPHENATED INDIAN WORDS TO THAT EFFECT.

He was never stingy in the matter of syllables. He would give a lake or river its full name, even if it took half the language he carried with him to do it. Indian travelers who made a business of discovering and naming places have been known to use up almost their whole vocabulary in a week's



trip, and return to their tribe without half a dozen complete sentences to their backs. I visited a lake last week and it is one of the loveliest dimples that I have ever seen on this old globe's countenance. It was formerly known by three different names: Pas-kun-gam, which means going out from the river; Isit-kan-i-a-ta-res-ko-wa, the greatest of the beautiful lakes; and A-roy-una, "the waters of the emerald rocks." Now don't you think that the Vermont Yankees would have been satisfied with some of these names or even a section of one of them. If he considered Isit-kan-i-a-ta-res-ko-wa too long for every day use he could have saved a piece out of the middle of it and, with ends neatly spliced, he would have had a name that certainly would have been more euphonious than the one the lake now bears. Some thirty years ago a surveyor lost his way in the mountains and wandered through the wilderness until he arrived at this lake. A search party trailed him and he was found there. The name of the wretch was Tupper and now A-roy-una, "the waters of the emerald rocks" is known only as "Bug Tupper."

It was bad enough for our forefathers to murder the owners of these lands and waters after stealing their property, but it was adding to the crime to take away the musical names given by the savage, and it was heaping insult on injury to replace those names with the tuneless dissonance of the Yankee vocabulary. While on this subject of names let me tell you of something I saw yesterday that illustrates how some human pigmies, who would be forgotten in a year and a day after their death, will strive to push their little names into the future that posterity may be deceived into thinking that they were giants. The same vanity that actuates the discoverer of Jones' river, and the founder of McGonigalville prompts these people to force their names into the ages to come, by attaching them to the names or deeds of some of the great ones of the earth. I walked over

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

yesterday and on that blood bought field where the heroic Wolfe valiantly fought and bravely died. I saw a modest granite monument. On a small square on one side was this inscription:

Here Died
WOLFE,
Victorious,
Sept. 13th, 1759.

On the opposite side on a much larger



square was graven:—

THIS PILLAR
Was Erected by the
BRITISH ARMY IN CANADA
A. D. 1849,
His Excellency Lieutenant General
SIR BENJAMIN DUBAN,
G. C. D., K. C. B., H. C. T. S., &c.
Commander
of the Forces

This is truly copied—I could comment on it, but I would rather you would make your own comments. If I would say what I think of this vain baronet with the alphabetical tail, it would make his knightly old shade shiver down there.

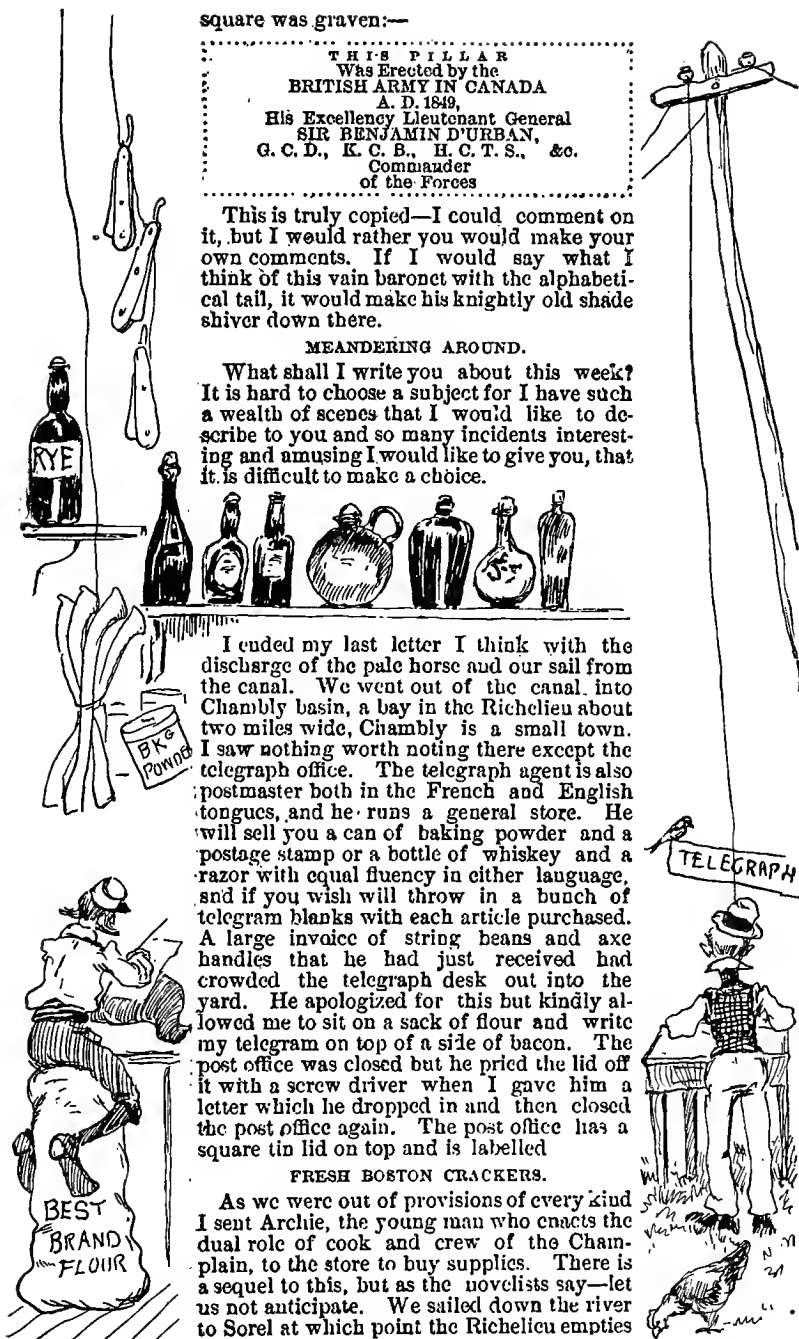
MEANDERING AROUND.

What shall I write you about this week? It is hard to choose a subject for I have such a wealth of scenes that I would like to describe to you and so many incidents interesting and amusing I would like to give you, that it is difficult to make a choice.

I ended my last letter I think with the discharge of the pale horse and our sail from the canal. We went out of the canal into Chamblay basin, a bay in the Richelieu about two miles wide, Chamblay is a small town. I saw nothing worth noting there except the telegraph office. The telegraph agent is also postmaster both in the French and English tongues, and he runs a general store. He will sell you a can of baking powder and a postage stamp or a bottle of whiskey and a razor with equal fluency in either language, and if you wish will throw in a bunch of telegram blanks with each article purchased. A large invoice of string beans and axe handles that he had just received had crowded the telegraph desk out into the yard. He apologized for this but kindly allowed me to sit on a sack of flour and write my telegram on top of a side of bacon. The post office was closed but he pried the lid off it with a screw driver when I gave him a letter which he dropped in and then closed the post office again. The post office has a square tin lid on top and is labelled

FRESH BOSTON CRACKERS.

As we were out of provisions of every kind I sent Archie, the young man who enacts the dual role of cook and crew of the Champlain, to the store to buy supplies. There is a sequel to this, but as the novelists say—let us not anticipate. We sailed down the river to Sorel at which point the Richelieu empties





into the St. Lawrence. It was time for lunch and Archie was instructed to get ready the meal. He retired to the cockpit, and emerging after a few minutes reported that there was no coffee. He was told to make tea instead. Another visit to the cockpit, a pause, and again Archie emerged—(parenthetically I would say, as evidence of the convenience of our yacht, that emerging from any part of her is easy, you can emerge onto the quarter deck from the cock pit by making one step and a stumble over a rope. We were informed that there was no tea on board.

"Ze tea was forgot to be brung," he said.

"Well let us have milk, and get out some canned meat and things."

"Oui, monsieur."

Again Archie returned to the cock pit apparently to produce the desired food; soon he returned.

"Ze milk she was lef' on shore an' ze grocery, ve hev none."

"Well, I suppose we can have crackers and water, what have you got anyhow."

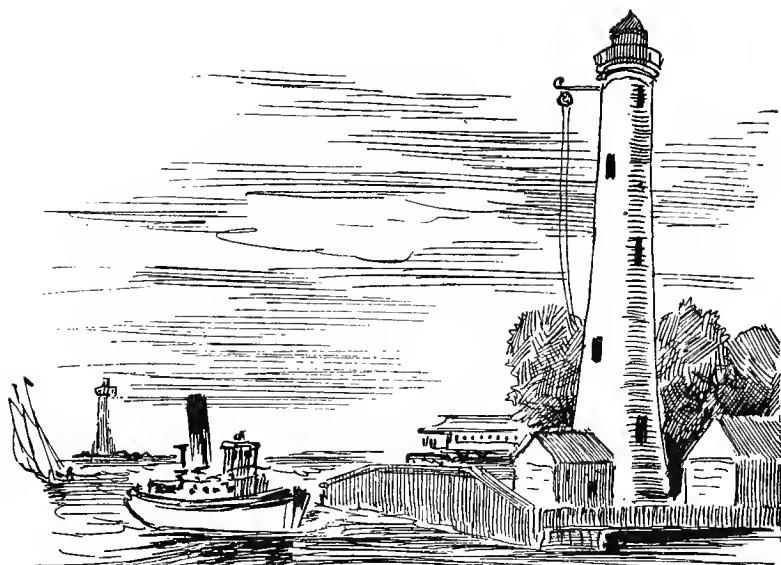
"Nozzing, monsieur. ve hev ab-so-leetly nozzing, ze box of provisions vas no remember to come on board."

"Why, confound you, didn't you know that at first when you were ordered to get luncheon?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Then why didn't you say so at once?"

"I wanted to break to monsieur ze calamity by portions and to not tell ze news first at one time altogether." It seems that it is the cook's duty to buy supplies and the crew's duty to go ashore and bring them aboard. Archie in his capacity as cook ordered the provisions but forgot to instruct himself in his capacity as crew to go ashore for them. We were in a dilemma, for, there being nothing to cook, Archie immediately became the crew, and we could not then justly reprimand him for the blunder of the cook; you see how mixed the thing was. As I am mixed in writing about it I'll now drop it.

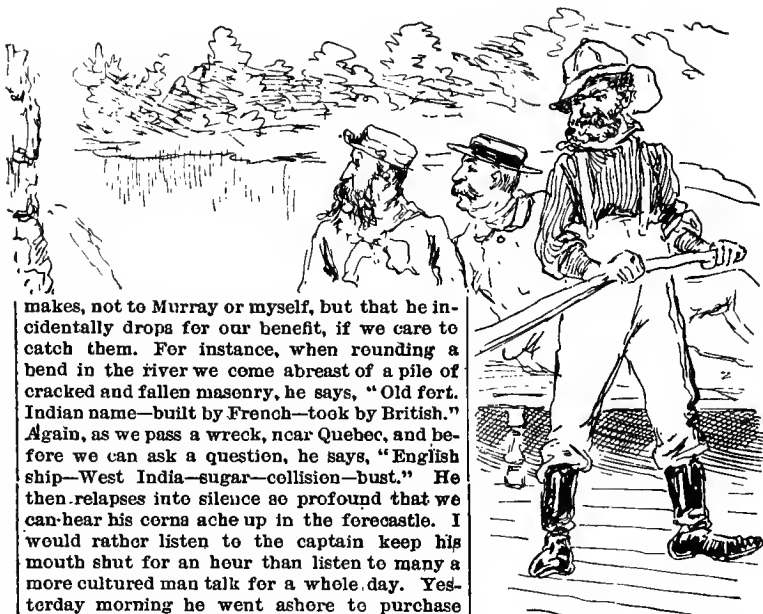


AN INTERNATIONAL CRUISE.

ARMY KNOX'S LOG-BOOK.

The Phenomenally Taciturn Skipper of the Champlain—Samples of His Monosyllabic Eloquence—The Impressive Picturesqueness of Quebec—Strange Contrasts of the New and Old—Why a Chicago Drummer Insisted that "These Canadians is no Good."

QUEBEC, Aug. 4.—We have a treasure in the captain of the Champlain. I have the impression that he knows a great deal, and that he must have a vast amount of knowledge stored up, because he is niggardly with it and never voluntarily squanders any. What a pleasure it is, once in awhile, to meet a taciturn man, after suffering from the voluble inanities of the loquacious bore, who interrupts your thoughts with remarks regarding trivial things—remarks that require no comment or answer from you, but that side-track or derail your train of thought and make you wish that there were not half so much of the English language as there is. From the dismal background of such verbose chatter, our captain's silence stands out in blessed relief. He confines himself to a few nautical phrases regarding sails, and sheets, and helm, that he fires at the crew from time to time, and curt remarks regarding objects on the water or shore that he



makes, not to Murray or myself, but that he incidentally drops for our benefit, if we care to catch them. For instance, when rounding a bend in the river we come abreast of a pile of cracked and fallen masonry, he says, "Old fort. Indian name—built by French—took by British." Again, as we pass a wreck, near Quebec, and before we can ask a question, he says, "English ship—West India—sugar—collision—bust." He then relapses into silence so profound that we can hear his cerna ache up in the forecastle. I would rather listen to the captain keep his mouth shut for an hour than listen to many a more cultured man talk for a whole day. Yesterday morning he went ashore to purchase eggs and milk at a farm-house. As he came rowing back in the tender, we observed that he was breathing hard and had an angry look in one eye. The other eye was closed and surrounded by a large swelling, so that there was no look in it at all. His trousers were badly torn below the knee, and there were scratches on the naked leg that obtruded itself through the rent. As he stepped aboard, he touched his cap, pointed to his lacerated trousers, and said, "Dog," then to his damaged eye and said, "Man." He went below into the cockpit without another word, but there was as much of a story told in the two words he did say as many another man would have taken an hour to tell.

A MASTER OF LACONICS.

I asked the captain to-day what was the best





way to sail a yacht in a rough sea with a strong wind dead astern. He took his pipe from his mouth only long enough to say, "Don't."

"But if your channel is narrow, so that you cannot change your course, what then?" I said. "Anchor."

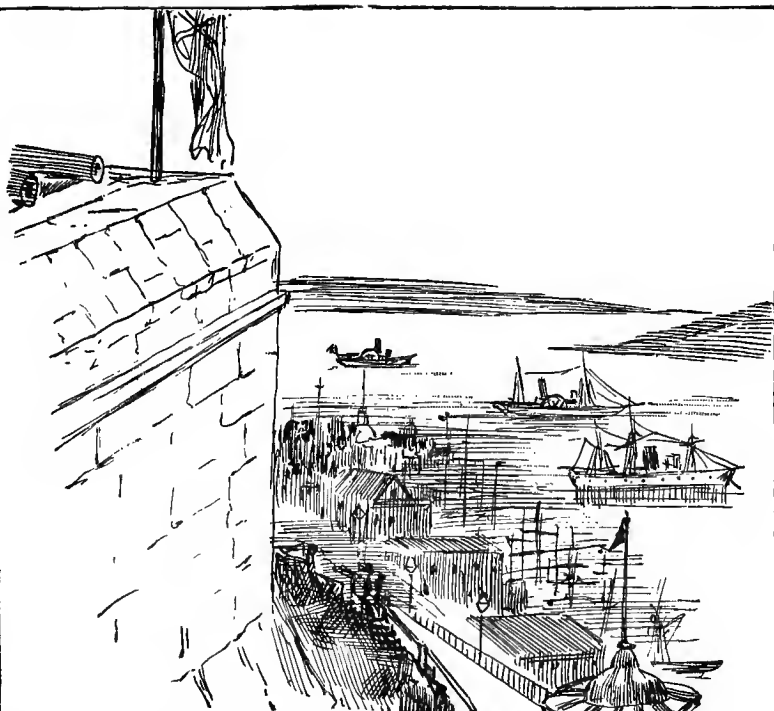
I really wanted information on the subject, and the captain was evidently opposed to running before such a wind, while I had heard others favor it. In all such disputed cases I refer to authorities, so I went below and, taking my library out of the tin bucket in which it is kept, turned to page 369, section 7, under the head of "Heavy Weather—Wind Aft." I spent half an hour in committing to memory the instructions there given. Then I approached the captain, who was sitting forward on pile of sail whipping the end of a rope. I said, "Captain, I think the authorities differ from you regarding sailing a yacht before a wind dead astern."



He looked up with interest, and interrogatively said, "So?"

"Yes," I responded. "They say, in such cases, 'drop the peak of the mainsail until it is just square, in with the jib smartly, reef the bowsprit and set the storm jib; then lower the foresail, close reef and reset it. Make fast the weather topping lift, lower the peak to the lifts, trice up and main tack to the throat and the main sail is thus scandalized. Hold taut and belay the lee topping lift, let go the main halliards and haul the throat down to the boom by the tack tricing line; stow the main sheet, crutch and lash the boom and away you go again.'"

I know I made this quotation correctly, just as printed in the "Yachtsman's Manual." When I ended, the ancient mariner was gazing at me with a stony stare that lasted for the space of a minute, while his arms hung limp by his sides, and I thought I had surely killed him. He re-

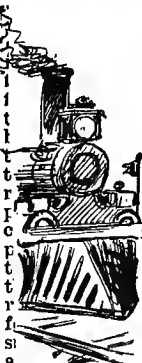
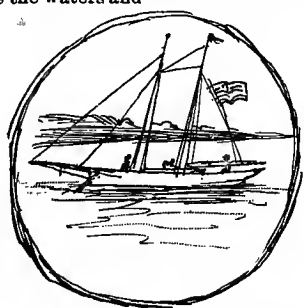
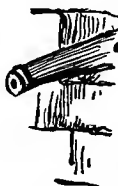


covered with a shutter, but he did not speak. He arose and went over to the port side and began, in a most vicious way, to untwist the kinks in a coil of rope. He seems to avoid me since, and now and then I catch his eye, with a glint of awe and a big beam of bewilderment in it, furtively watching me from behind a mast as I sit aft on a life-preserver writing this.

ROCK-THORNED, CANNON-GIRT QUEBEC.

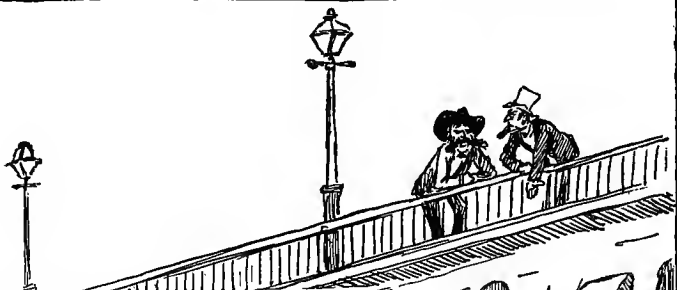
Since writing the above we have arrived at Quebec after a splendid run of 100 miles down the St. Lawrence from the head of Lake St. Peters. The queerest and quaintest town in the continent is this rock-throned, cannon-girt city of Quebec. It has none of the common-place, rectangular characteristics of most American cities. Built on a mighty rock on one of the greatest waterways in the world, it is surrounded by natural barriers of precipitous cliffs, and by wall and parapet, buttress and breast-work that make it more perfectly fortified than, perhaps, is any other city in the world. Inhabited by a people, the majority of whom differ in language, custom and religion from the people that nominally rule them—crooked streets and narrow lanes, picturesque with the varied architecture of three centuries, contrast of new and old everywhere: seventeenth century residences





thick-walled, dormer-windowed and many-gabled, crowded upon and overshadowed by great piles of modern iron-columned business houses; carts of the same clumsy design and heavy material as were those used by the Breton peasants hundreds of years ago, alongside of light and graceful carriages of the latest pattern; the hoarse sound of an excursion steamer's whistle and the rattle of the railroad cars mingling with the chimes of church bells—bells that were cannon in days of old and that once boomed out the thunders of war in louder tones than those in which they now call men to the worship of the Prince of Peace.

Yes, an odd and outré place is this, and columns and columns could be filled with descriptions of its many interesting features. Away up here I sit on Dufferin Terrace a broad esplanade perched more than half way up the side of a gigantic rock that is crowned with the greatest of all the citadels over which floats the Red Cross of England. Looking down far below I see the great tide of the mighty St. Lawrence sweeping around the promontory freighted with crafts of all sizes, from the small canoe to the great man-of-war. Here, close in-shore, a three-decked passenger steamer is going to Montreal; over there is a big ship bound for Liverpool with timber, and beyond is the United States man-of-war Galena, carrying the only American flag to be seen except the one that floats over our own craft yonder under the shadow of the cliff. Down, 200 feet below, by the water's edge are houses on the roofs of which one could drop a pebble—crazy old houses, weather-beaten and stained by the hand of time, are most of them. It was along that narrow beach below that in a snow-storm many years ago Montgomery came to meet Arnold and make joint attack on the city; but through the blinding snow came a bullet from this ledge up here, and Montgomery never met Arnold. Ah me! what romance and what tragedy have this great rock and that wide river been the scene of. What memories of strife and bloodshed and great men's names come to me as the twilight shadows the waters and—



Just as I, inspired by my surroundings, was pleasantly making a mental journey through the mellow romances of the past I was rudely hauled into the harsh commercial present by a man with a bet-your-life-I-know-what-I'm-talking-about tone of voice. He said:

"Mister, I see from your rig that you belong to the Galena over there, and as you're from the States, you will understand what I am going to say. See them roofs down there? Now, is it any wonder that Canada is slow and 'way behind the States in commerce and prosperity, and that Quebec is dead, sir, dead? I'm travelling for a Chicago house. Just cast your eye down below. See there is a string of roofs a mile long, and there's 10,000 people promenade this terrace every day, and every blessed one of them sees them roofs, and there isn't a solitary sign on one of them. What do you think of that? Now, I'd have 'Use Smith's Baking Powder,' 'Chew Angustura Bitters,' 'How is Your Liver?' and that sort of thing painted all over them. Why, if this blooming country was annexed to the States and I owned them roofs I'd make a fortune selling out advertising spaces. That beats hallowed memories of the past. You can't buy beef steaks or underclothes with the memories that cluster around a historic spot, but if you paste a four-sheet circus poster on the spot, you can make some money. I tell you these Canadians is no good. They don't know, to-day, whether they are living B. C. or A. D. Let's go and have something. Want to wash the mildew of this place out of my throat."



LOG OF THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN.

Commercial Union with the United States.

CANADIAN TRADE.

Knox's Observations on the Effects of a High Tariff.

ON BOARD YACHT CHAMPLAIN, off Quebec, Aug. 7.—It is along rivers that we find the oldest civilization. On the banks of streams man originally settled. The first settlements in all new countries are on the shores of lakes, seas and rivers. It is along the great arteries of the continent that we find the people in their least artificial condition, and it is by travel through the waterways of a country that we can best study its people, their habits and customs, and their social and political relations and conditions. The traveler who rushes over a country on a railroad usually passes through the worst parts of the cities, towns and villages, and the most poorly developed section of the agricultural districts. He leaves with an idea that the towns consist of comfortless railroad stations, trunk-laden omnibuses, offensive backyards, prolific clothes lines, smoke-begrimed factories, and the miserable tenements of the working people who are too poor to own homes. And his impression is that the country is made up of rocks, patent medicine signs, telegraph poles and the poorer class of farms. It is not always thus, but generally that is what he sees, and it is from that he forms his mature impressions. The people he meets are the hotel clerk and the baggage-man, the railroad conductor and the vender of antique figs and yesterday morning's papers, and these are not representative citizens of any country, nor will converse with them teach him much. His time and attention are taken up with the packing of trunks and the catching of trains, and he can devote but little of either to what he sees and hears. Knowing this from experience, we selected a yacht as a means of locomotion, and the lakes and river as a route on which to travel. We are never hurried. We can stop as long as we please at places or with people who interest us, and there is no conductor's "all aboard" to disturb or hurry us away.

AT QUEBEC

we have stayed several days, visited the falls of Montmorenci, the Indian village of Lorette and the shrine of the good St. Anne, where the virtues of the waters and the prayers of priest and patient are said to perform miracles. We have been enter-

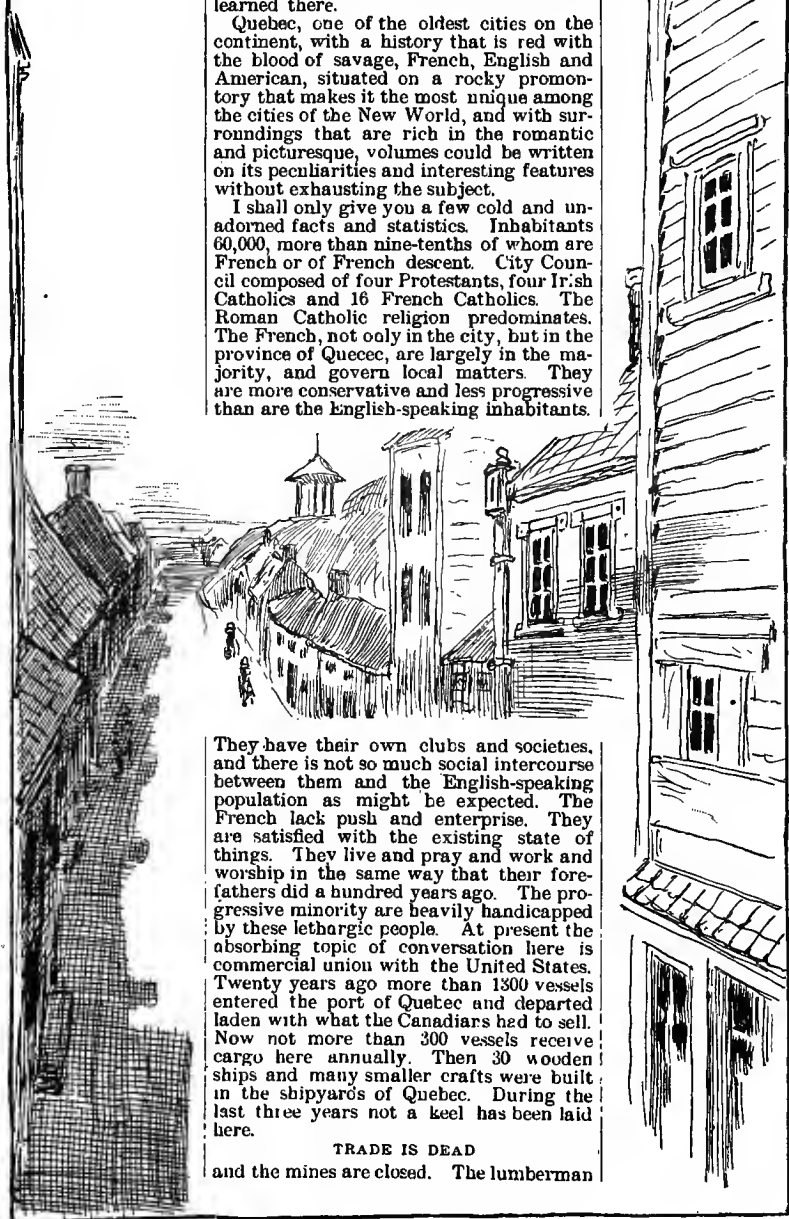
tained at the Quebec Yacht Club and the Garrison club, and have been at a yacht race. Regarding all of this you may read in a future letter. To-day I want to speak of Quebec and of some things I have learned there.

Quebec, one of the oldest cities on the continent, with a history that is red with the blood of savage, French, English and American, situated on a rocky promontory that makes it the most unique among the cities of the New World, and with surroundings that are rich in the romantic and picturesque, volumes could be written on its peculiarities and interesting features without exhausting the subject.

I shall only give you a few cold and unadorned facts and statistics. Inhabitants 60,000, more than nine-tenths of whom are French or of French descent. City Council composed of four Protestants, four Irish Catholics and 16 French Catholics. The Roman Catholic religion predominates. The French, not only in the city, but in the province of Quebec, are largely in the majority, and govern local matters. They are more conservative and less progressive than are the English-speaking inhabitants.

They have their own clubs and societies, and there is not so much social intercourse between them and the English-speaking population as might be expected. The French lack push and enterprise. They are satisfied with the existing state of things. They live and pray and work and worship in the same way that their forefathers did a hundred years ago. The progressive minority are heavily handicapped by these lethargic people. At present the absorbing topic of conversation here is commercial union with the United States. Twenty years ago more than 1300 vessels entered the port of Quebec and departed laden with what the Canadians had to sell. Now not more than 300 vessels receive cargo here annually. Then 30 wooden ships and many smaller crafts were built in the shipyards of Quebec. During the last three years not a keel has been laid here.

TRADE IS DEAD
and the mines are closed. The lumberman



has no market for his lumber, the farmer has ceased to grow barley, potatoes and other products that he formerly marketed in the United States. Forty dollars a ton duty on starch made from potatoes prevents manufacture and export of that article. The fisherman, with \$4 a barrel duty on mackerel, can make but a poor living, even working as he does, day and night, during the fishing season. The French shrug their shoulders and say that they must acknowledge that times are not as good as they used to be, nor the country as prosperous. They say they do not know the reason, but they think it must be the will of God. The English-speaking people who have been students of affairs say that the duty on lumber, fish and other exports to the United States, and the duty paid on what they find necessary to buy in the States, keep the people poor. Free trade is what they want. Commercial union with the United States, they say, will bring back prosperity and increase the national wealth.

Along a line of 3000 miles in extent, between the United States and Canada, custom houses and the officials connected with them have to be supported at a cost to the Canadians of \$4,000,000. They want this done away with. I speak of the shipper, the farmer, the lumberman, and every other person who has given the matter a thought, except some manufacturers and those who are controlled by personal interests rather than the public good. It is 21 years since the United States abrogated the treaty of reciprocity, and Canada has not thriven since. With a territory of 3,500,000 square miles—almost as large as all of Europe—the increase of population in ten years has been only 600,000, or 18 per cent. Their exports in 20 years have only increased from \$57,000,000 to \$89,000,000 in value, while their imports have increased from \$73,000,000 to \$108,000,000. In the same length of time

THEIR DEBT HAS INCREASED

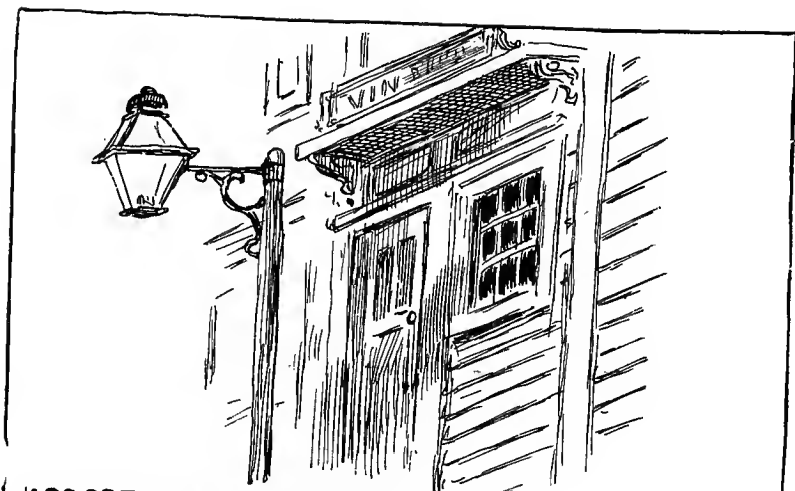
from \$90,000,000 to \$265,000,000. The debt is now twice as much per capita as is the debt of the United States. The average commodities purchased by the United States from Canada is about 60 cents per head of population. The average per head that is purchased by the Canadians from the United States is nearly \$9. It is evident that Canada has much more to gain by commercial union than has the United States. The above is a very brief outline of the prominent details of the commercial union question, that is here discussed in clubs, on 'Change and in the streets. The majority of the newspapers of the Dominion are in favor of some reciprocal treaty with the United States, and it is said by those who seem to know that a large majority of the people, should the question be put to them, would vote for any reasonable change in the present tariff of duties. The existing government is,

45,000,000
60
~~27,000,000~~
40,000,000
3000
\$133 1/3



however, opposed to any change, but the government is weak, and the opinion is that should this be an issue at any time, the government will be "sat upon."

I would have written you more on this subject, as it should interest our people, but statistics worry me and facts make my head ache. I would rather manufacture a hand-made lie any time than use a ready-made fact or handle a bunch of American-Almanac statistics.



LOG OF THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN.

KNOX'S LETTER.

Climbing Over Quebec in Hot Weather— Quaint Scenes and Customs.

It is too hot to-day to write out in the yacht as she lies at anchor in Quebec harbor; so I am writing this in a little wine shop down under the shadow of the citadel. There are no first-class hotels in this city, and there are no restaurants, except a few of the spotted table-cloth and red-napkin kind, where the waiter, in answering your call, leans over you so closely that you can taste two kinds of soup in his breath, and says, "Well?"

I find no place where I can write with comfort except in the Garrison Club, and that is too far up town, and too much of a climb on a hot day like this. We have been sleeping on board the boat since we came to this city, and taking most of our meals on shore. The food furnished here at hotels and restaurants is very bad, and the cooking is worse than anything I ever suffered from in a city of this size; so I come to this little wine shop, where a fat Frenchwoman who keeps it gives me a bowl of bread and milk, and the use of the little room off the shop, for 10 cents. The room is inhabited by flies and the smell of dried codfish, but the smell being a steady one, I get used to it, and, as the room is comparatively cool and I am not disturbed, I like it. Another advantage is that when I have set a trap to catch an idea, and while chewing the end of my pencil as I wait for the idea to be caught, I can cast my eyes around the wall and feast them on art. There are several chromatic pictures



of saints. St. Patrick, dressed in green, yellow and blue, in front of a background of lemon-colored sky, a staff in his hand, and his right foot on a pile of gilt snakes; and there is a purple-haired St. Joseph, and St. Peter seems to have the small-pox; but perhaps it is only the effects of flies. Now these saints were all good and saintly men when they were mortals, and they are worthy of all honor, therefore I think it a shame that they should be foreshortened into deformed freaks and clothed in such gaudy garments. If poor St. Lawrence could only see the ridiculous picture of himself, copies of which I have seen in a hundred places in Canada, with its swollen jaw and a nose that would raise the temperature in a room as big as a skating rink, he would be very sorry that he ever had anything to do with Canada, even if its principal river was named in his honor.

A QUAIN TAVERN.

Tradition says that this little wine shop is almost as old as Quebec. I do not know the name of the street on which it is situated, and I am too lazy to go out and ask; but no doubt it is a name that, before the street got it, was used by some saint. It is just around the corner from Break-neck stairs, in Little Champlain street, and it was past its door that Arnold went to his death on that night of storm and snow and blood, many years ago. I try to extract some legends or traditions of the place from the fat proprietress, and I find her a rich mine of ignorance. She knows nothing whatever about the history of the house; she has rented it during the last 10 years, and trade is very, very bad; that is all she knows, but she is quite good-natured, and tries to please. By putting leading questions to her, I would guarantee to prove anything, no matter how preposterous. You ask her if this is not the scene of such and such an historic incident, or the spot on which Champlain held 13 hostile Indians at bay until not an Indian was left to bay at him, and she smiles a smile of acquiescence that pushes her ears back until they nearly meet, and says, "Oui, monsieur." She says, "Oui, monsieur" to every question, and I truly believe that should I ask her if this was the house that Jack built, or the spot where the ark rested after the flood, she would say "Oui, monsieur," so I have to fall back on my imagination. It is always well to have an imagination with you when you are traveling. You may need it and have to use it right along. I have used mine pretty freely of late; for instance, when the wind blew and the yacht leaned over and stuck her rail under the water, and the ink upset, and a can of lard got mixed with my duck trousers and smoking tobacco, and the smoke from the stove leaked into the cabin, then I used it in striving to imagine that I was enjoying myself and that I liked yachting. I think that in some of these efforts my imagination has been sprained, for it some-

times refuses to work. I tried it yesterday on some rice pudding cooked on board by myself. I wanted to imagine that it was fit for human food, but my imagination refused to aid me, except with the suggestion that when lighting the fire with kerosene I might have "sloshed" around more than was necessary.

If my imagination would only work today, how I could people this little tavern with those who have passed over its threshold in the olden time. Nelson may have dropped in here before he dreamed of being an admiral, and Tom Moore may have drunk the juice of grapes that were gathered in the valleys of sunny France, and sung songs and written verses in this little room, and doubtless many a gallant soldier of France and many a mariner of England has made these cobwebbed walls echo with jest and song. But the glory of those days has departed, and few there be who patronize the place now, except the habitants who bring garden-stuff to market, and the sailors from the ships in the stream beyond. Even the card in the window announcing that American whisky, at 10 cents a glass and 5 cents a half-glass, is a specialty, fails to attract customers.

PRECIPITOUS STREETS.

I walked through the city—well, it was not a walk exactly. I climbed over a part of it this morning. Some of the streets, like Mountain street, are so steep that I have to stop and rest several times before I reach the summit. If, however, I do not wish to climb, I can, for three cents, be shot up in an elevator from the lower to the upper town. When I was driving down one of



these streets in a wagon a bundle fell out of the vehicle. It went over the horse's head and reached the ground six feet in front of him. As it may strain you to believe this, I would not mention it if I was not so anxious to give you a true idea of the steepness of the streets.

I meet priests wearing three-cornered hats and black robes, everywhere; and am never out of sight of churches and of property that belongs to the Roman Catholic church. Here a party of sailors from the French frigate in the harbor, there, a farmer and his wife in a queer, heavy two-wheeled cart, next, a soldier from the citadel, with gay uniform and jaunty gait, laborers in blue blouses, rough and weather-beaten lumbermen down from the Saguenay with rafts of logs; clerks and business men, dressed in clothes of English cut, and many nuns and Sisters of Charity. These are the people I see in the streets of Quebec, but you must not think that I am describing a hurrying throng. Canadians neither hurry nor throng. I do not meet more than three or four people on a block, and they do not hurry along, for there is not enough business to go around, and they can take time to do the little that that there is.

Quebec is asleep, and the merchant, as he stands at his door waiting for a customer, says she will not awake until some day the booming cannon on the fortifications above announce that the Stars and Stripes float over the citadel, and the Yan-



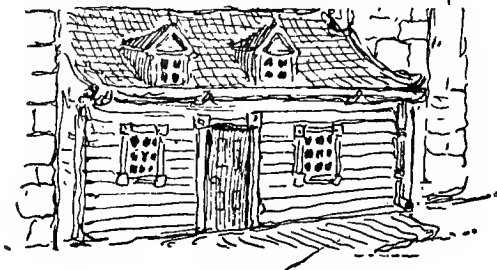


the capitalist comes to develop her manufacturing and ship-building interests.

The chief topic of the day here is commercial union with the United States. It is discussed hourly. The English-speaking population want it. The French-Canadians are living in the last century, and do not want anything; or, rather, they do not know that they need or want anything. They are under the dominion of their church, and the church does not desire commercial union, fearing that that might lead to annexation, and under the Government of the United States the church could not expect such privileges as it enjoys under the laws of Canada. I am not yet prepared to write on this subject, not until I learn more of the views of the people elsewhere.

ANTICIPATING THE BARBER.

There is a little house here on one of the principal streets, and in this house on the last day of the year 1775 was laid the body of Gen. Montgomery. It is one of the show places of the city. Before a stranger has been 10 minutes in Quebec some one will ask him: "Have you seen the old house in which the body of Gen. Montgomery lay?" And he cannot walk a block without meeting a man or boy who will suggest that for 10 cents he will guide him to the "maison ou le corps du Gen. Montgomery fut déposé." As I threw myself back in a barber's chair this morning I saw that the barber was loaded for tourists, so I anticipated him. Using my suave traveling voice, I said: "I want to be shaved inside six minutes, and, as I do not care to converse with lather in my mouth and a razor traveling along the out-



side of my windpipe, I'd like that we have our conversation out before you begin. To start with, I will say that I am from the United States, I have visited the citadel, I have seen the house in which Gen. Montgomery's body lay, and I promised my uncle on his dying bed never to discuss either commercial union or annexation. Now fire your fractured English at me." He said: "Merci, monsieur, I nozzing more has to remark" and he gave me a fair 10-cent shave without saying another word.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the Quebec newspapers are published in French. There is only one paper of any consequence published in English. It is called the *Morning Chronicle*, is published daily, is an excellent paper, and, under very able editorial and business management, is prosperous. It is the oldest newspaper in Canada. It was established in 1764, and was then called the *Gazette*. Interesting to Americans should be the fact that the first copy of the *Gazette* was printed by Benjamin Franklin, who then owned a printing press in Quebec. I saw what is claimed to be one of those first copies. It is a very small affair, only eight short columns. It begins with an elaborate prospectus, in which the usual florid promises are made by the editor and proprietor. He says he will be impartial and just in criticising acts of public men, and will spare no expense in obtaining all the news, etc. It reads very much like a prospectus of to-day. I note that he omitted only one thing; he neglected to say, "We have come to stay," but the paper has stayed for a century and a quarter, nevertheless. This first copy contained only one advertisement. It announces "An assortment of goods, just imported from London, and to be sold at the lowest price, by John Baird, in the upper part of Henry Morin's house, at the entry of the Culde Sac."

The assortment covers a variety of articles, from brass candlesticks to gun wads. When John Baird handed in that advertisement to the editor, proprietor, business manager, local reporter and printer of the *Gazette*, 120 years ago, and tried to get special position top of column, and 25 per cent. off card rates for cash, he little thought that people of the fourth and fifth generation after would read it in a newspaper containing more than a thousand advertisements a day. Now, if Mr. Baird had painted an announcement of his "goods, just imported from London" on a fence or on a rock, the fence would have been burned up long since, and a jail or a church would have been built on the rock.

The moral, therefore, is, advertise in newspapers, for, while one copy of your ad. may be used to wrap around a picnic sandwich, another may serve to carry your name and fame thundering down the ages.

With this moral I close, for the crew has just called for me. He says the wind is fair, and in an hour we sail for the Saguenay.





A RAGING BASIN.

Knox and Murray Tempt the Dangers of a Stone Walled Pond.

Calamities of a Night—The Impending Schooner—Saved by a Bowsprit—Another Peril—Wild Search for a Kedge.

ON BOARD YACHT CHAMPLAIN, }
OFF QUEBEC. }

Knox's Letter.

These St. Lawrence waters are very rough sometimes. The tide comes up at the rate of five miles an hour. The rise and fall at neap tide is some fourteen feet, while the spring tides, with a heavy east wind, rise as high as twenty feet at the City of Quebec.

We seldom picture a river as anything but a smoothly flowing current, except when there are rapids for the waters to rush and foam and tumble down. It is very different on a great river like the St. Lawrence. When the wind meets the tide or the strong current of the river's downward flow, then great waves are formed, white-capped, short, snappy, and dangerous to small crafts. The winds and the tides have it out with each other, regardless of the yachtsman's comfort or the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Seething, angry waters and boisterous winds wrestle and puff and fiercely contend until the winds get blown and retire.

The water of the St. Lawrence is of a greenish tinge, and when riled looks like chopping sea in the English channel. My acquaintance with this river, extending

over many years, was made through a map when I was a boy. The St. Lawrence, when I first knew it, was a blue stream, glazed on the surface with some kind of shiny varnish that was cracked and peeled off in spots, and there was a ragged nail-hole situated, as well as I can remember, down about the mouth of the Saguenay, and about a quarter of an inch from the shore. It was a stream as tranquil and blue as a pan of skim milk on a pantry shelf, and, except an occasional parallel of latitude and a few meridians, it had no obstruction in its course to the gulf.

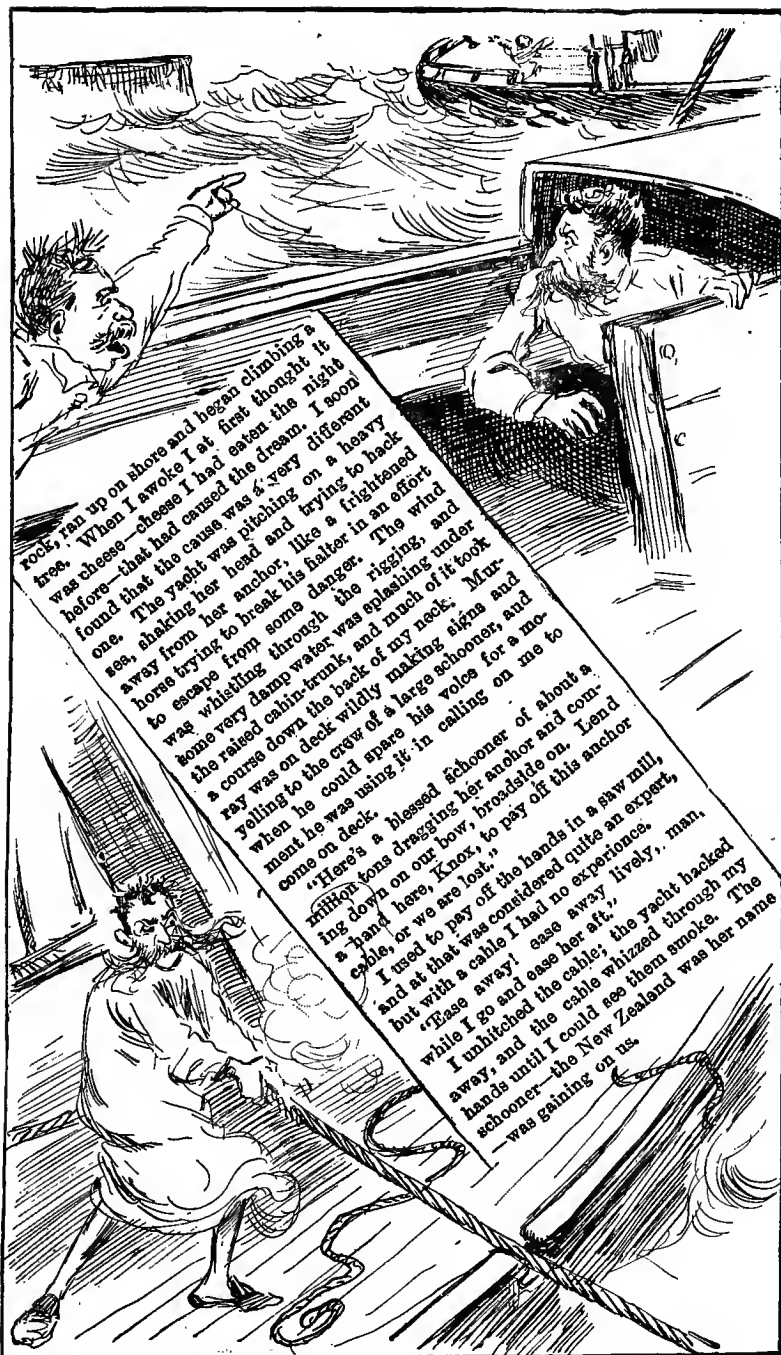
I found the river quite different when I made its personal acquaintance. That has, more than anything else, taught me not to put faith in maps. I know that railroad maps are made to deceive, but I did not think that the English National Board of Education would willingly deceive, with a bogus, chromo river, a small unlettered boy whose father paid them half a crown a week to jam his oldest child full of authentic geographical lore and other solid knowledge.

I was surprised at the roughness of the water, but a greater surprise awaited me. We were

ALMOST WRECKED IN A BASIN.

The authorities kindly allowed us to anchor the Champlain in the Basin Louise, at Quebec. This is a dock inclosed by high, granite walls or embankments that rise thirty feet above low water. It is a great square, about three hundred yards on each side, and with only one small opening outward to the river. Since our arrival, we have slept on board, and have allowed our crew to stay on shore at night, and much more pleasant we have found it to be rocked to sleep by the gentle swell of the water than to pass the night in the finest room in the city.

Yesterday morning, at about four o'clock, I was asleep and absorbed in a dream. In my dream I was mounted on a nightmare of the mustang race. I thought I was once more a tenderfoot on the plains, and the mustang was hucking, and I was jolting up and down on his back until I could feel the fifty dollars' worth of gold filling loosen and jingle in my teeth. The brute, with that inconsistency of animals and things in a dream, suddenly changed to a boat that also hucked, threw me on a



root, ran up on shore and began climbing a tree. When I awoke I at first thought it was cheese—cheese I had eaten the night before—that had caused the dream. I soon found that the cause was a very different one. The yacht was pitching on a heavy sea, shaking her head and trying to back away from her anchor, like a frightened horse trying to break his halter in an effort to escape from some danger. The wind was whistling through the rigging, and some very damp water was splashing under the raised cabin-trunk, and much of it took a course down the back of my neck. Murray was on deck wildly making signs and yelling to the crew of a large schooner, when he could spare his voice for a moment he was using it in calling on me to come on deck.

"Here's a blessed schooner of about a million tons dragging her anchor and coming down on our bow, broadside on. I send a hand here, Knox, to pay off this anchor cable, or we are lost."

I used to pay off the hands in a saw mill, and at that was considered quite an expert, but with a cable I had no experience. "Ease away! ease away lively, man, while I go and ease her aft," I unhooked the cable; the yacht backed away, and the cable whizzed through my hands until I could see them smoke. The schooner—the New Zealand was her name—was gaining on us.

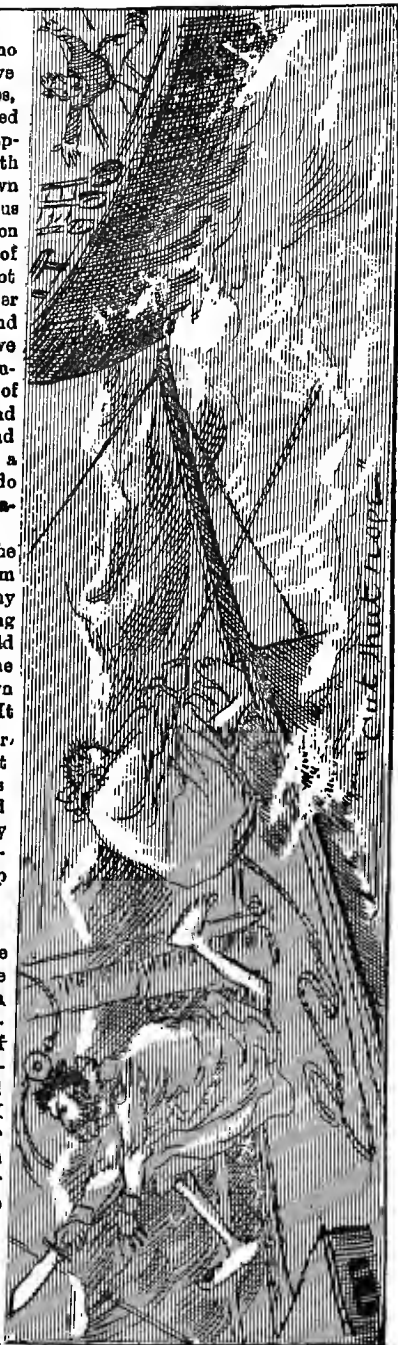
"Belay, there, belay!" came the order.

I knew how to belay, but I could no more belay that rope than I could have stopped Niagara in its fall; and, besides, my nightshirt was most of it wrapped around my neck, with the end of it elapping my face, and thus interfering with my usefulness. I kept laying cable down in that water at a speed that only Cyrus W. Field could equal, and we would soon have been banging up against the side of the dock if a hitch in the cable had not caught on the bowsprit bits. The schooner was now within fifteen feet of us and drifting on. Her rail was ten feet above our deck, and she looked as big as a man-of-war. Her crew, which consisted of three young men, were rushing up and down her deck, jumping over barrels and hatchways, just like wild animals in a cage, only that wild animals so placed do not express their feelings in profane Canadian French.

"Cut that rope; cut it quick!" came the order to me through the roar of the storm and the folds of the night-shirt around my ears. I picked up the cook's glittering bread knife from the top of the cold, cold stove, and with one whack severed the rope. Something came whizzing down with a run and hit me on the head. It hurt; but I did not wait to find out whether it was a mast or only a block. I had cut the wrong rope. The New Zealand was now within two feet of our bowsprit and still hearing slowly down on us. Murray was at the bow hauling on a rope in an insane effort, as it seemed to me, to pull up the bottom of the St. Lawrence river.

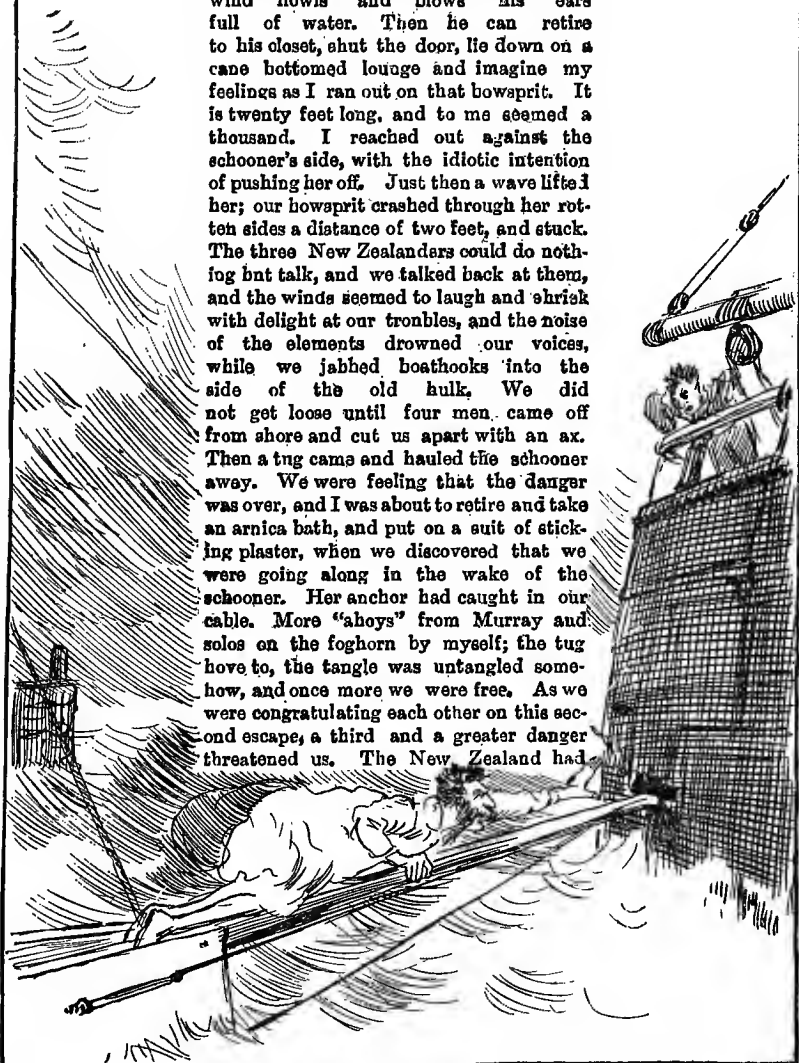
WAS PERFECTLY CALM.

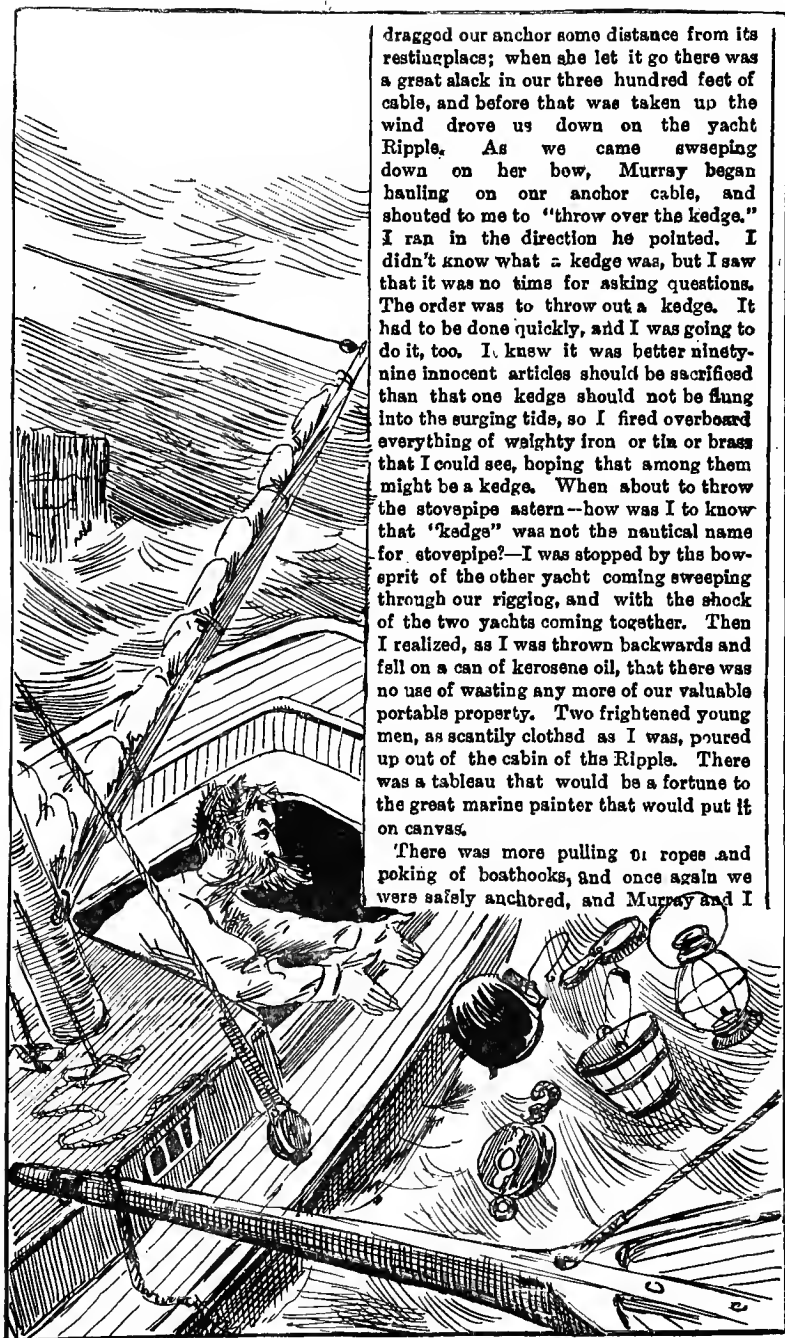
At first, and I remember wondering if the yacht would ever be raised; if I would be found in her or in the mud at the bottom of the basin, and I thought of how a "remains" would look, hanging on the end of a grappling iron, dressed in a roomy night-shirt with two blue anchore embroidered on the collar. Then I became excited; I realized that I should make an effort for life, if for no other reason than to finish this series of letters. Justice to my many readers demanded that I should struggle to save my young life. I became more excited as I thought of you stopping your paper because my weekly letters were stopped by the ruthless hand of the Storm King and a blamed old schooner loaded to



the muzzle with sand. So, I threw aside my modesty, let out a reef in my fluttering garment, and climbed out to the end of the bowsprit.

The gentle and urbane reader who is not a tightrope walker, and who wishes to understand the full scope of this daring feat will please procure a pole, hang it out of a second story window and then run out to the end of it, while some one wiggles it violently from the inside, and the wind howls and blows his ears full of water. Then he can retire to his closet, shut the door, lie down on a cane bottomed lounge and imagine my feelings as I ran out on that bowsprit. It is twenty feet long, and to me seemed a thousand. I reached out against the schooner's side, with the idiotic intention of pushing her off. Just then a wave lifted her; our bowsprit crashed through her rotten sides a distance of two feet, and stuck. The three New Zealanders could do nothing but talk, and we talked back at them, and the winds seemed to laugh and shriek with delight at our troubles, and the noise of the elements drowned our voices, while we jabbed boathooks into the side of the old hulk. We did not get loose until four men came off from shore and cut us apart with an ax. Then a tug came and hauled the schooner away. We were feeling that the danger was over, and I was about to retire and take an arnica bath, and put on a suit of sticking plaster, when we discovered that we were going along in the wake of the schooner. Her anchor had caught in our cable. More "ahoy's" from Murray and solos on the foghorn by myself; the tug hove to, the tangle was untangled somehow, and once more we were free. As we were congratulating each other on this second escape, a third and a greater danger threatened us. The New Zealand had





dragged our anchor some distance from its resting place; when she let it go there was a great slack in our three hundred feet of cable, and before that was taken up the wind drove us down on the yacht Ripple. As we came sweeping down on her bow, Murray began hauling on our anchor cable, and shouted to me to "throw over the kedg." I ran in the direction he pointed. I didn't know what a kedg was, but I saw that it was no time for asking questions. The order was to throw out a kedg. It had to be done quickly, and I was going to do it, too. I knew it was better ninety-nine innocent articles should be sacrificed than that one kedg should not be flung into the surging tide, so I fired overboard everything of weighty iron or tin or brass that I could see, hoping that among them might be a kedg. When about to throw the stovepipe astern—how was I to know that "kedg" was not the nautical name for stovepipe?—I was stopped by the bowsprit of the other yacht coming sweeping through our rigging, and with the shock of the two yachts coming together. Then I realized, as I was thrown backwards and fell on a can of kerosene oil, that there was no use of wasting any more of our valuable portable property. Two frightened young men, as scantily clothed as I was, poured up out of the cabin of the Ripple. There was a tableau that would be a fortune to the great marine painter that would put it on canvas.

There was more pulling of ropes and poking of boathooks, and once again we were safely anchored, and Murray and I

went down into the cabin and patched up each other's bruises and abrasions.

"Quite a little blow, old boy, wasn't it?" said Murray.

"Yea; rather breezy and interesting, and quite creditable for a granite-walled basin."

"It will be worse than that when we get down below the Saguenay."

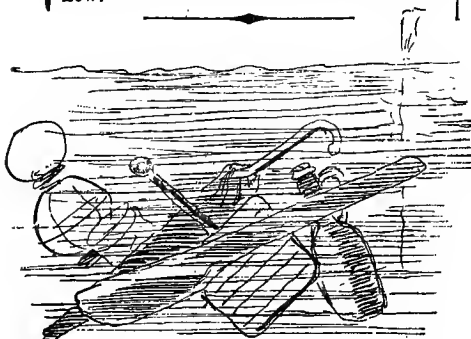
"Well, I think so, if one can be nearly wrecked three times before breakfast in a land-locked, rock-protected Quebec dock. I expect, when we get further down the river, we shall get all the exercise our systems need in dodging lighthouses, keeping tugs from running away with us and preventing schooners climbing over us."

Murray says that when a man goes yachting he must expect such little incidents. If he calls our experience a little incident, I wonder if he wouldn't call a hurricane, a surf beaten lee shore and death a slight inconvenience.

There is one thing regarding which I have made up my mind. As long as this trip lasts I am going to sleep with my trousers on. Another thing, we, the people of the United States, don't want any annexation of Canada. Do we want to be kept awake at night governing a country where a stranger is banged around on an empty stomach, before daybreak, by the elements and an old sand scow?

* * * * *

I am getting madder and madder every minute. My mind is made up. The United States positively does not want to annex Canada. I have just found out that my gun case is at the bottom of the Basin Louise. It was a heavy, tin-covered affair, and I must have mistaken it for a kedge yesterday morning. What is a kedge, anyhow?



ON THE CHAMPLAIN.

KNOX'S ADVENTURES.

Trying to Cook a Meal in a Storm—Heavy Fog—A Lazy Hotel Clerk.

Out from the harbor of Quebec into the middle of the great river, sailed the Champlain yesterday morning. It was our intention to reach Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, in one day's run (145 miles from Quebec) if the winds would favor us. It was a beautiful morning. As the first beams of the rising sun glanced on the rippling water, the river—as seen from the heights of Quebec—looked like a great serpent whose scales were gleaming shields of burnished silver. The tide was with us, but the breeze was light as we sailed down the river past the Falls of Montmorency, a sheet of water that thundered down into the St. Lawrence, over a cliff two hundred feet high. We coasted along the wooded margin of the Isle Orleans for twenty miles. Here, the river widened out to a breadth of five or six miles. The wind died out to a mere breath, and we floated with the tide at the rate of about four knots an hour.

Cooking in a Squall.

Dinner time was approaching; and, as I am caterer for the boat, I had just begun to cate, and had got the stove hot, and

covered with pots, pans and skillets, when the helmsman called out "There's a squall coming! Down with the mainsail! We'll have to run her before it with a double-reefed foresail. Give the tender more cable, astern, there! Below there! Cook, ahoy! Take a reef in your blooming stovepipe or it will be at the bottom of the river in a holy minute."

You should understand that when the stove is on duty and not acting as a seat for the crew, the pipe projects through the roof of the port cabin; at other times it is lashed to the roof where it is quite handy to knock against and spill soot on the carpet. I looked out and saw, about four miles astern, a bank of mist or rain coming leisurely down the river. I supposed that it would take about half an hour to reach us, but before I could lower the flying jib of my stove it was upon us, and away we went plunging down the river like a straw hat crossing lots on a windy day. The yacht careened slightly, and the potatoes from the windward side of the stove mingled with the breakfast bacon on the lee, while the rice joined with the beans. Another lurch of the boat gave a coffee flavor to everything in sight. There was trampling of feet overhead, beating of rain, whistling of wind through rigging, creaking of blocks and hoops as sail came down, and hoarse orders from the



man at the helm. Why do mariners, who ordinarily are gentle voiced men, issue orders from away down in the back of their necks when they get excited? I give it up; but, as Nanki Poo says, "I have known it done."

The squall lasted only a few minutes, or else we ran out of it into smooth water and sunshine. "This is a typical yachtsman's day," said Murray, "and you may see still more variety of weather before night."

I told him that it might be a yachting day, but it was a blessed poor day for cooking, and that if we had much more variety of weather, we wouldn't be likely to see anything to eat until night.

A Fog You Could Chew.

In 10 minutes we were in a fog, the thickest I ever saw. You could actually fill your mouth with it and chew it. You don't credit that, you say; well, it is a fact but I'll give you further proof of its density. During the squall, all my fresh water was spilled, and I could not use the river water to make coffee, owing to its brackishness. I just went on deck, took a few handfuls of the fog and packed it down tightly in the coffee pot, and you could not ask for better coffee than I made with it. I tell you these St. Lawrence fogs are thick. I could give you more startling evidence of the density of those fogs, but, in writing, I always govern myself by the old admonition:

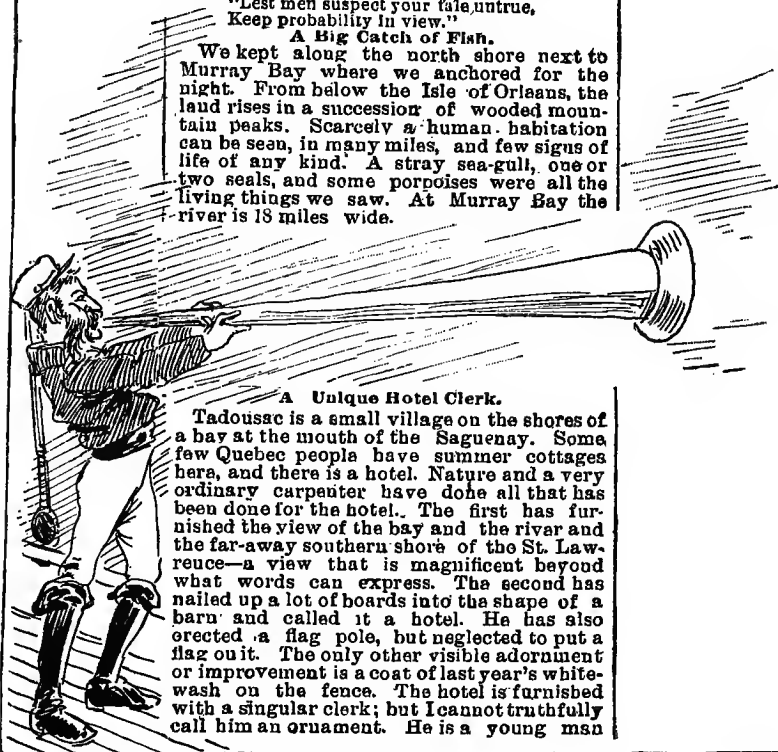
"Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."

A Big Catch of Fish.

We kept along the north shore next to Murray Bay where we anchored for the night. From below the Isle of Orleans, the land rises in a succession of wooded mountain peaks. Scarcely a human habitation can be seen, in many miles, and few signs of life of any kind. A stray sea-gull, one or two seals, and some porpoises were all the living things we saw. At Murray Bay the river is 18 miles wide.

A Unique Hotel Clerk.

Tadoussac is a small village on the shores of a bay at the mouth of the Saguenay. Some few Quebec people have summer cottages here, and there is a hotel. Nature and a very ordinary carpenter have done all that has been done for the hotel. The first has furnished the view of the bay and the river and the far-away southern shore of the St. Lawrence—a view that is magnificent beyond what words can express. The second has nailed up a lot of boards into the shape of a barn and called it a hotel. He has also erected a flag pole, but neglected to put a flag out. The only other visible adornment or improvement is a coat of last year's white-wash on the fence. The hotel is furnished with a singular clerk; but I cannot truthfully call him an ornament. He is a young man





whose 30 summers have passed lightly over a head shingled with hair of an autumnal sunset hue. His chief characteristics are languor, and a pair of spotted trousers. The pattern of his trousers is so loud that the guests cannot hear the telephone bell ring in the office. There are no telephones in this part of Canada.

I give this person more space in this letter than he is worthy of. I do so, only because he is so amusingly different from an American hotel clerk, and is a type of the clerk to be found—after patient search through the corridors—in all the Canadian hotels of the smaller class.

After the yacht cast anchor in the bay I went ashore, and strolled up to the hotel. There were two men, a can of blueberries and a dog on the porch. I walked up to the office counter and discovered the afordescribed young man sitting reading a newspaper; he was also gnawing a quill toothpick and had his feet filed away on top of a safe. It was a small safe that would not hold more than a peck of gold without ripping at the seams; but it looked as if it could contain all the cash receipts of that hotel for 99 years.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me where the postoffice is?"

Thus I addressed the young man. He changed the toothpick to the other side of his mouth and kept on reading until he had finished the paragraph, then, without looking up, said:

"Aw—postoffice—want find postoffice—up road to left, ye knaw—quite distance—yaas."

I found the postoffice, and, on my way back, again called at the hotel because I wanted a cigar.

The clerk was checking off a laundry list with a servant. I said: "Can I get some cigars, here?"

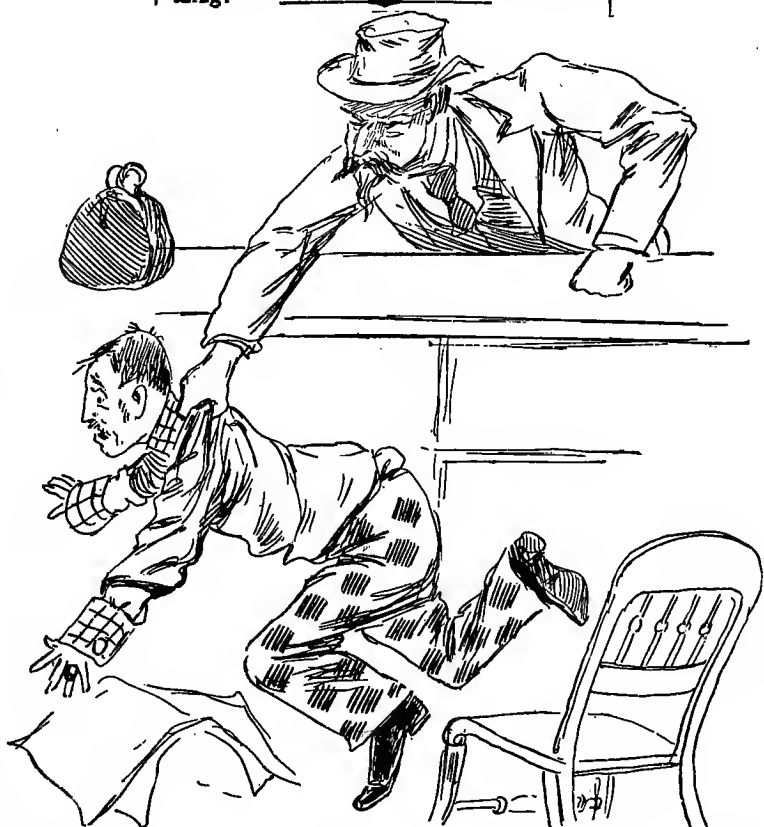
"Two handkerchiefs, four socks, one towel, six drawers—"and on he went through a long list. I stepped across the hall and studied a chart of the St. Lawrence, following its course from lake to gulf and calling in at every town and bay on the route:

"—four undershirts, two pair cuffs—that's all. See that they are done this week. Aw, did you—aw—awsk for cigars, sir?"

I bought two cigars, for which I gave him 25 cents, and about five dollars' worth of genial sarcasm in reference to the length of

time he could preside at a hotel desk in the United States, before the public would fish him out from behind the counter, throw him down the freight elevator shaft and pile iron-bound trunks on him, or before the hotel proprietor would fire him into the cold, inclement world, amid the throng of hurrying pedestrians who would walk over him. One of the guests told me that the clerk was so lazy that he never peeled his potatoes at dinner, but ate them with their skins on. From another source I learned that he was so full of ennui and a sense of his own importance on one occasion, that he did not reply to the query of a guest named Smith, regarding the hour of the Quebec steamer's departure, until six hours after Smith had left on the steamer, when he sent the desired information to his residence in Quebec, by half-rate telegraphic message to collect.

I can imagine this young man, some half hour after Gabriel's trumpet sounds for the last time, saying, "Aw-front, go and—awfter you get through there, ye know—go and see if the gentleman doesn't-aw-want something."



LOG OF THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN

A Magnificent Waterway Fifty Miles Wide.

KNOX'S LETTER.

Difficulties of Shorthand Dictation on Yachting Expedition.

ON BOARD YACHT CHAMPLAIN, TAD-
OUSAC, P. Q.—It has been my custom

of late to dictate my letters to our artist, who is an excellent stenographer. He is usually very correct, but last week he omitted several words in my letter, and inserted one or two of his own that threw a gaudy halo of ambiguity around some of my statements. I told him to take down this letter just as I spoke, word for word, and omit nothing I should say. I find that he has done literally what I instructed him to do, and the following jumble of a letter is the result. Of course, I did not intend him to record the side remarks, but he thought he would show his smartness, and he did it. Although this spoils my letter somewhat, I send it as it is, thinking it may interest you to read a letter "as she is spoke" to a stenographer. I reclined

on a mattress on the cabin floor while dictating the letter, and this is how my flow of language was stenographically recorded:

We arrived at Tadousac after a run of 150 miles from Québec.—[Do you know if it's 130 or 150? Well, if you don't, then let her go at 150. Nobody is going to rush wildly around in search of a map to find if I am right. The public don't want statistics anyhow. I have noticed that newspaper readers do not usually float over figures. What they want is to be interested and amused, and if they were to read an account of how a comet ran in to the sun, they wouldn't care whether it had to come scooting a million and eleven miles to do it, or only had to saunter a short way up the creek. Where were we? Ah, yes, arrived at Tadousac. I'll give them a little touch



Dictating to Stenographer.

now about St. Lawrence. Are you ready?]

What a grand river is the St. Lawrence, wide and terrific in volume, impetuous—[Hold up there; “terrific” is not a good word; make it “majestic.” Where was I? Yes, “impetuous.” Well, go on.],—impetuous, clear and rapid in its course from lake to ocean. Beauty and grandeur are its chief.—[Pass a pillow aft here, captain; this blessed valise has nearly sawed off my ear,]—are its chief—[thanks]—characteristics.—[Got “characteristics.”?]

Drains Half a Continent.

Three hundred and fifty square miles pay it tribute. 1500 miles through mountains and woods, valleys and—[No, Archie, I’m tired of coffee; make it tea this evening, and fry the eggs this time without rupturing them, as you usually do. What was the last word I gave you? All right,]—valleys and—[Confound it, can’t you ask Mr. Murray? Don’t you see I’m busy, and what do I know about baking powder anyhow?]

valleys and meadows spreading out over—[Remember “spreading out” does not begin a new sentence.]—over broad areas between fields of waving corn and banks fragrant with the perfume of new mown hay—[By the way, it isn’t corn, is it, that grows up above on the river? It is beans and potatoes, I think, that are mostly raised there. Corn will do however, for you couldn’t very well speak of a field of waving beans or a meadow of rustling potatoes,]—and again narrowing as it passes between rocky capes; through wilderness and along cultivated savannahs it flows. For almost 250 leagues —[Three miles in a league, isn’t there?],—from its mouth to Quebec, the tide—[Kick that box of tobacco up this way, captain.]—rises and falls. Its waters are tinged with the saltiness of the ocean, and seaweed clings to the rocks that shadow its shores. Past the commercial metropolis of Canada it flows in great swirls and eddies of greenish water; it circles around the rock foundations of Old Quebec; past farmhouses, hamlets, villages and towns spread out—[No, scratch out those last two words; make it “scattered.”],—scattered all along its southern shore, it rolls on in its majesty and might, receiving tribute from all the lands and waters around, as surely

this—[Ask the captain if that is the steam yacht Alexandria we hear whistle. All right,—this—this what was I going to say? Oh, yes.],—king of rivers should. Rivers, the source of which are away up in the northern land, where the ice god reigns, and where only the

Indian and the Wild Beast

live, pour their wealth of waters out on its bosom. There are very few saints above that have not a river named for them here on earth, but not one of them has a river to his name that could hold a candle to the river of St. Lawrence.—[Better leave that paragraph out. It seems a little like forcing things to speak of a river holding a candle. Now I'll go on to speak of the trip down from Quebec. I think Murray said he would describe that squall, and the fog, and the close call we had when we scraped the paint off the red buoy up at Cape Tourmente, so I'll skip that.]—

From Quebec to Mal baie—or Murray bay—we were escorted by one of the members of the Quebec Yacht Club, in his yacht, the—[What was the name of it? Yes]—Juliet. The Juliet took the south shore, while we ran down the north side of the Isle of Orleans, and we saw our escort no more until we rendezvoused at Murray bay.—[That is a great word—don't know how to spell it, but it sounds well. You notice that ships and yachts of a fleet or squadron always rendezvous. Can't see why we don't speak of worshippers rendezvousing at church, or of aldermen rendezvousing at the City Hall, but we don't. Yes, you'll find it back of the stove. You can fire it overboard when you get through with it.]—It was a calm, hot day, and the sailing was slow, but the tide for five or six hours carried us along at the rate of four or five miles an hour past Cape Tourmente, a rocky crag 1800 feet high, scarred and torn by winds, waves and earthquakes. Then down along the green banks of Grosse island, where in one long, narrow furrow, some thirty odd years ago, the bodies of 6000 sons and daughters of Ireland, slain—[not "slain," write it murdered,]—murdered by famine and English heartlessness, were laid away.—[There should be something after "laid away," to round off that sentence, but we'll let it go at that.]—The Laurentian mountain range, sloping

up abruptly from the water's edge, follows the course of the river on the north side. Bald, precipitous hills, rocky and barren some of them are.—[Am I going too fast for you?—Others are clothed with birch and maple, elm and balsam. For hours we sail down the river, close into shore, without seeing—[Change that "sail" to "skim." It is ships that sail; yachts always skim, you know,]—without seeing a house. The coastline is just as wild as when the Indians lived back in those woods there, and to-day it looks much as it must



REPRESENTATION OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.
(From an old Woodcut.)

have looked 300 years ago, when

Jacques Cartier First Beheld It.

It is cold, inhospitable, sterile, even on this summer day.—[Rub the rust off with kerosene oil first, and see that it is not loaded before you begin fooling with it.]—There are no homes, no harvests here, and more sterile and



bleak does it become the further we go down the river. Ah! there is a house. As we want water let us cast anchor and row ashore. There must be fresh water near where people live. Our laconic captain says: "No good; fishing station;" but he obeys orders, and while sails descend and anchor swings down, down, into the depths, we row ashore.—[Of all the mean matches ever invented, these sulphur things are the worst. Push over that bucket this way. Where was I? Oh, "ashore."—On a beach of sand of a blue black color, we land. It is the queerest, heaviest sand I ever saw, and shines with a metallic lustre. It is iron; yes, miles and miles of the river bank are covered with—[No, tell him I cannot go ashore yet awhile.]—the disintegrated particles of magnetic and tillaniferous iron ore. There must be great pockets of it—[Of course not. Never use lard; it should always be fried in butter. Why don't you save your money and buy a cook book?]—somewhere along this river that will some day bring wealth to those who develop it and to the territory that contains it.—[Wait a minute until I go and see what that tell him I cannot go ashore yet awhile.]—the disintegrated particles of magnetic and tillaniferous iron ore. There must be great pockets of it—[Of course not. Never use lard; it should always be fried in butter. Why don't you save your money and buy a cook book?]—somewhere along this river that will some day bring wealth to those who develop it and to the territory that contains it.—[Wait a minute until I go and see what that pirate Archie is putting into the batter. He'll poison us all some day, and we'll sail home in metallic cask-ets.]—Up on the side of the rock, 50 feet above us, stands the little house, and there is actually a garden, which seems to stand on end, and is about the size of a back parlor carpet. Weeds and beans compete with each other in an effort to grow in it. It is unfenced, I suppose because it does not need a fence. The neighbor's cow will never break in and chew up the shrubbery and trample on the orna-

mental plants—[Got the length of ornamental plants yet? Tell me when I'm going too fast for you]—because she would have either to swim the St. Lawrence or bring a rope by land and come down the cliff hand over hand on it. A neighbor's cow is an enterprising animal, but it is too much to expect that she would do that, either for the sake of exercise or beans.

Lying around on the rocks are several queer-looking wickerwork creels, that look like covers

For a Giant's Demijohns.

The captain, who has rowed us ashore, looks at them and says "eels." The house is closed, and there is no smoke—[Well, this is the hardest mattress I ever reposed on. It's all full of lumps. "Smoke" was the last word I gave you, wasn't it?—from the chimney; no signs of life. We look in through the only window. Surely they are subjects of King Poverty who live here. Bare walls, two chairs, a table, a few tin dishes, a three-legged stove, a bed, and—ye gods! in such a place, a cradle. Yes, a cradle, and such a cradle—an old basket with "Pommery Sec" branded on the end, nailed on to rockers of hewn cedar. A patchwork quilt and a pillow are in the cradle, and a pair of tiny shoes rest on the pillow. We turn to the bean patch, and while we absorb some unripe beans, we weave romances around the lives of the owners of the cottage, and we construct castles in the air for them, which we knock down as fast as built.

We wonder if the young father and mother are off for a day's pleasure. Surely anything away from here would seem pleasure.—[Listen to those porpoises. I'll try and get a shot at one of them as soon as I finish this letter.]—Have they gone in their bark canoe, up to the settlements, to exhibit with pride the little one to its grandam and grandsire, or may they not have left on a sadder errand? Somehow we think that they may have gone to lay the child in the little graveyard under the shadow of the cross of St. Croix, in the bay below. We cannot explain why we think so, but we cannot help it. We hope, for the parents' sake, that these are mere imaginings prompted by the desolate sadness and gloom of the surroundings, or perhaps it was the beans. I

Y HERALD — SUNDAY,

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really think it must have been the
beans, for Murray, who ate more of
them than I did, offers more gloomy
suggestions than I do. Heaven knows
the child could not be much worse off
in his grave than to grow up here, an
ignorant, stunted, ill-fed fisherman,
his knowledge extending only to frag-
ments of the French language and
the traditional manner of catching
eels. Murray suggests that it may be
a female child. He is certainly look-
ing on the worst side of things to-day.
—[Let us cut this episode short, and
bring the letter down to date. Try
this pencil. Yours is too soft.]

Against the wind we beat into Ta-
dousac bay, at the mouth of the river
Saguenay. The line where the latter
joins the St. Lawrence is very clearly
defined. The water of the St. Law-
rence is greenish, that of the Saguenay
is of the color of strong tea that might
cost about 70 cents a pound. They
do not seem to blend at the surface.
The bed of the Saguenay is several
hundred feet deeper than the bed of
the St. Lawrence is at their juncture.
It is said to be the

Deepest River in the World.

In some places its depth exceeds 1000
feet, and its average depth for 65 miles
from its mouth is over a hundred fath-
oms. There is no anchorage in all
that distance.

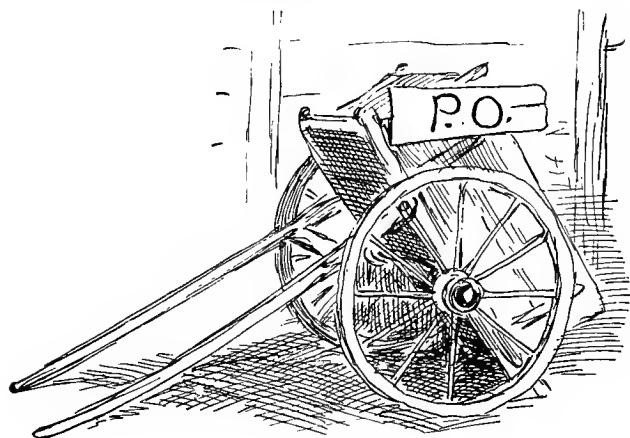
Tadousac is a small village, one ho-
tel, two stores and a number of cot-
tages.—[Why, what confounded smell
is—I'll be blessed if there isn't cheese
mixed with this tobacco! The next
time I go yachting I'll go in a boat
that will be at least big enough to give
me room to stow an extra shirt away
without having to put it alongside the

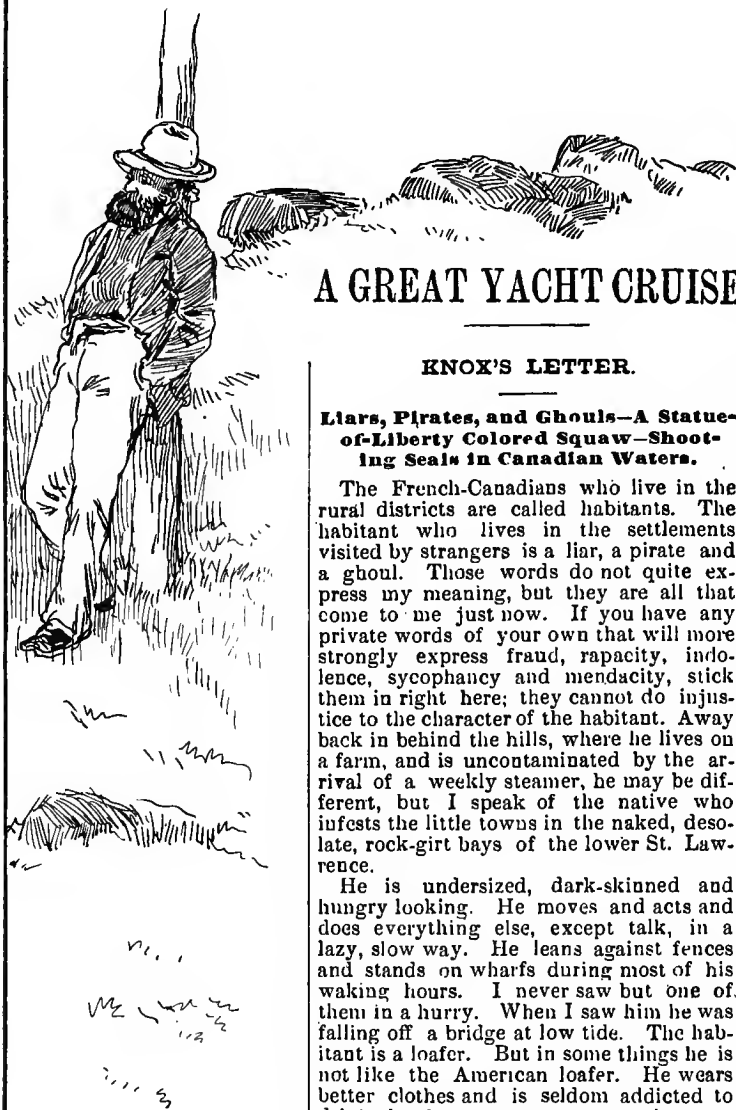
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breakfast bacon, and where a fellow's toothpowder won't have to be filed away in the same pigeonhole with the butter. This is a pleasure excursion and I don't want to kick, but my candid, unasked opinion is that the pleasure is slightly mixed when one has to carry his soap in his breast pocket to keep it from mingling with his cream laid writing paper or getting jammed in the centreboard case.]—There is also a postoffice at this place, but it does not obtrude itself on the public. It modestly secludes itself in a back yard and calls attention to itself by a shingle on which is painted "P. O." The shingle is nailed to a cart that is tilted up against the back fence. The mail arrives here from Quebec about twice a week in summer, provided there is no fog. When the ice forms on the river the people read their old letters over again, or else go up to the postoffice and sit on nail kegs, and lie about the severity of the winters they had when they were boys.—[What! get up and let you get the spoons and knives from under my mattress! Great saints, if that isn't a place to stow away table ware! No wonder I thought my frugal couch was unusually hard. Don't you put them there again. Soon as I get to Riviere du Loup, I shall gently but firmly fire you, Archie, and get a cook and crew that will carry our cutlery and silver plate in nis pocket. Get thee gone, sirrah. Supper ready. Well, we have written enough for one letter, anyhow. Close up by signing my name.]—





A GREAT YACHT CRUISE

KNOX'S LETTER.

Liar, Pirates, and Ghouls—A Statue-of-Liberty Colored Squaw—Shooting Seals in Canadian Waters.

The French-Canadians who live in the rural districts are called habitants. The habitant who lives in the settlements visited by strangers is a liar, a pirate and a ghoul. Those words do not quite express my meaning, but they are all that come to me just now. If you have any private words of your own that will more strongly express fraud, rapacity, indolence, sycophancy and mendacity, stick them in right here; they cannot do injustice to the character of the habitant. Away back in behind the hills, where he lives on a farm, and is uncontaminated by the arrival of a weekly steamer, he may be different, but I speak of the native who infests the little towns in the naked, desolate, rock-girt bays of the lower St. Lawrence.

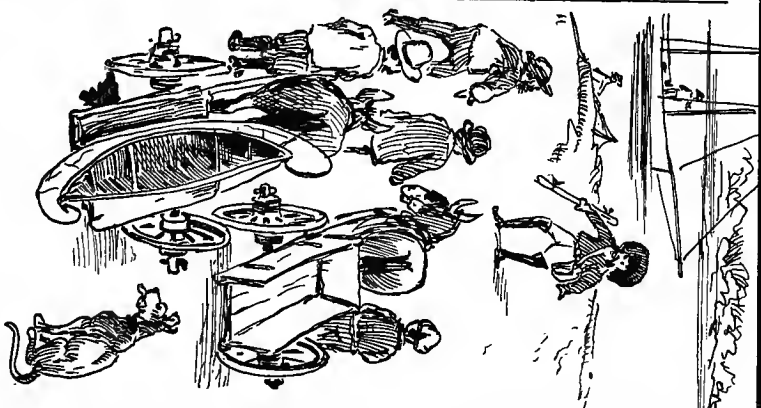
He is undersized, dark-skinned and hungry looking. He moves and acts and does everything else, except talk, in a lazy, slow way. He leans against fences and stands on wharfs during most of his waking hours. I never saw but one of them in a hurry. When I saw him he was falling off a bridge at low tide. The habitant is a loafer. But in some things he is not like the American loafer. He wears better clothes and is seldom addicted to drink; but he never seems to work or to be anxious to have work thrust upon him. Sometimes he drives a cart or caleche from the wharf to the hotel, but he does it in a perfunctory way, and as if he were merely acting for the moment as a substitute for the regular driver. His manners, customs and language are the same as those of the pioneers who settled the country. He

makes no progress. He never invents anything, and is content to live as his father lived. Sometimes he speaks a little English, but usually he confines himself to a portion of the French language, of the century before the last, that has been damaged by time and use.

HE DOES NOT KNOW ANYTHING

about the probability of the steamer coming in on this or on the next tide, but he goes down to the river and waits for her, passing the time in voluble conversation with others of his kind, or in fishing for a wretched little fish called a tommycod. When the boat comes in, he watches her passengers and mail come ashore, and other passengers and mail go aboard, and when she goes away he puts his three little tommycods in his pocket and shuffles home to his cabane.

It is when a tourist or any one looking like a stranger asks him about the chance of finding anything to fish for or shoot at that he develops activity. He has discovered his natural prey—the tenderfoot in search of game. He is prepared, for a cash consideration, to lead you at once to babbling brooks that flow over rocks under which lie untold numbers of hungry trout of fabulous weight; or is it deer you seek, or caribou? "Mon Dieu, monsieur, ze are so thick in ze woods as ze blueberries on ze hills." The blueberry is the only thing except rocks and water that nature



turnishes in any profession in this barren land, and it is used as a synonym of plenty. There is hardly anything in an innate nature that the habitant will not swear can be found near by, and he will agree to lead you to its lair for from \$1 to \$10, and he always has a story ready regarding how many somebody or other bagged last week or last year. I asked one of these varlets if there were many gnomes thereabout. He assured me that although he was not much of a gnome hunter himself, yet he had killed some, but he had a brother, unfortunately from home at present, who was nothing short of a corker on gnome shooting. Another of these villains took me out to catch trout last week. I hired only one, but when I started there were in the procession three of them, beside a boy, two horses, two carts, a canoe on one of the carts, and a dog. I objected to such a retinue, but my guide said that all of it was necessary. I climbed mountains, helped to push the cart, got my clothes torn, helped to fell trees and build a bridge over a gully.

DID NOT GET A TROUT,

or even reach the lake where they were, and got back to the yacht at night with my boots full of water, and my inside full of hunger and indignation, and I had to pay every one of the gang except the dog

(I shall give further details of this in another letter.)

From Quebec to below the Labrador coast there is no game worth hunting. No animal that could not exist on granite and south-western fogs, or on birchbark and ice, would think of residing here as a steady thing. In all the hotels—if the miserable pensions where tourists are robbed can be called hotels—there is ostentatiously posted in the halls a printed copy of the Canadian game laws. These inform you that you must not shoot duck or deer, nor kill partridge, nor, by trap or other device, take either moose or caribou during certain months of the year called the close season, or you will be fined. No one has ever been fined. They might as well prohibit us from trolling for mermaids or snaring mastodons.

There are some salmon in the small rivers, I am told. I met Mr. Brackett, the well known Boston artist, at Tadoussac. He pays the government \$150 a year for the privilege of searching for salmon in the Marguerite river. He has been steadily exploring during two months this summer, assisted by a native guide and a trunk full of expensive rods, reels and gaffs, and has in that time discovered and slain, I think, six salmon. When the government of Canada can get \$25 a piece for its salmon I do not wonder that the Canadians make so much ado regarding American interference with their fishery interests.

There are white porpoises in great numbers in the lower St. Lawrence and in the Saguenay, and shooting and harpooning them is excellent sport. They weigh from 600 to 1500 pounds, and are from ten to fifteen feet in length. It is, however, about a seal hunting expedition that I want to tell you now.

At a hamlet near Riviere du Loup, I asked if there were any seal hunters there. I was directed to the hut of an Indian who made a business of shooting seal. I found him, and he agreed, for the sum of \$1 and any seal in whose life blood I should imbue my hands, to take me out all the next day. That was yesterday. He did not come as promised because he was sick, but

HE SENT HIS BROTHER, an aged Indian, who spoke a fluent sort of Indian tongue, slightly adulterated with a little French and English. There was only about 10 per cent. of the latter sprinkled through his conversation, so that to have any knowledge of what he was talking about, you had to watch for a familiar word as you would watch for flashes of



lightning to guide your steps on a dark night. He had a canoe, and an old smooth bore gun, a small harpoon and a large wife. The latter I objected to taking with us, not because she had a face ugly enough to warp a pine board, but because she evidently weighed upward of 200 pounds, and the canoe was a frail thing made of birchbark, and looked only equal to the carrying of two men and a sandwich lunch. I gathered from what the Indian said that if I wished only one to go in the canoe, he would stay ashore and the squaw would go with me: "Le bonne squaw every time portage batteau noodi-qnoddy."

I declined to be alone in an open boat with a statue-of-liberty colored female weighing 200 pounds. After much talk, I at last agreed that I would take both, for I was anxious to shoot some seals, as I had only shot one since we started on this trip. I thought if they who knew the capacity of the canoe would take the risk, I might be safe in doing so.

In the bow knelt the old Indian, the squaw on her knees in the stern, and I in the middle of the canoe. The water was smooth inshore, and they paddled for a mile or two very quickly. Presently a seal's head appeared above the surface. The Indian did not speak or move his hands from the paddle, but with a movement of his lips pointed it out. Before I could raise my rifle it disappeared, and when it came up again it was half a mile away. A seal does not plunge nor dive below with a splutter when alarmed, as a porpoise does. It just disappears. You are looking at its head, have taken sight and are about to pull the trigger, when you suddenly realize that you are aiming at a slight ripple on the water, and that there is no seal in sight. The Indians shoot seal with buckshot. They use the cheapest and worst kind of

OLD MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS

I ever saw. They carry their powder in a horn, their buckshot in a sealskin bag, and they use pieces of buckskin or rawhide for





wads. The porpoise hunters have the same kind of guns, but use bullets. As we paddled along I shot some sea pigeons. They are a small kind of duck and very difficult to shoot. As sound travels quicker than does lead from a rifle, they hear the snap of the hammer and dive before the bullet can reach them. I beat them at this game by shooting to make them dive, and then watching until they came up, planting a bullet in them before they had time to shake the water out of their eyes.

We came to a promontory, and the Indian ran the canoe ashore. I could not see why he did this, unless he expected to find seal in the woods. He said: "Portage. Heap good noodi-quoddy." To have such a sentence as that fired at a man as he enters the woods with two strange Indians is not soothing. He loaded the canoe on the shoulders of the squaw, strapped the gun to her back, and gave her the paddle to carry. He bore his share of the heat and burden of the day by carrying the harpoon, which weighed about a pound and a half. Now I knew why he brought his wife with him. We went up a hill and through woods for half a mile, pushing through dense undergrowth in some places and over fallen trees and rocks in others. We emerged from this on to the beach. We had crossed the land end of the promontory to save paddling around, a distance of about six miles. That was why he had spoken so complimentary of his wife in the morning: "Le bonne squaw portage batteau"—the good squaw for carrying a boat.

The Indian stepped into the canoe, motioned me to follow, and said something to his wife. She replied "Oui," and that was the only word she spoke all that day. She squatted in the sand, and the Indian paddled out into the river. We went alongshore a distance of about four miles, then out into the river, where the tide was running down rapidly.

Seals are easy to shoot. We got three in a short time,

THE INDIAN KILLING

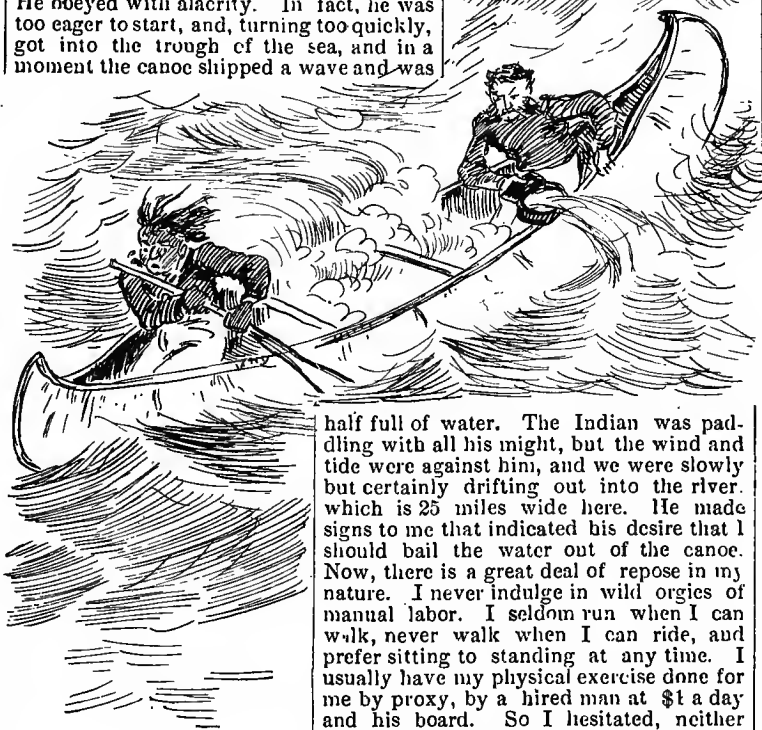
one with his buckshot, and two falling to the share of my rifle. When shot, you have to paddle up quickly and harpoon them before they sink. In winter, when they are much fatter than they are now, they float for a longer time after being shot.

Further out we saw a number of seals. The water was dotted with their heads; probably there were 40 in sight. The old

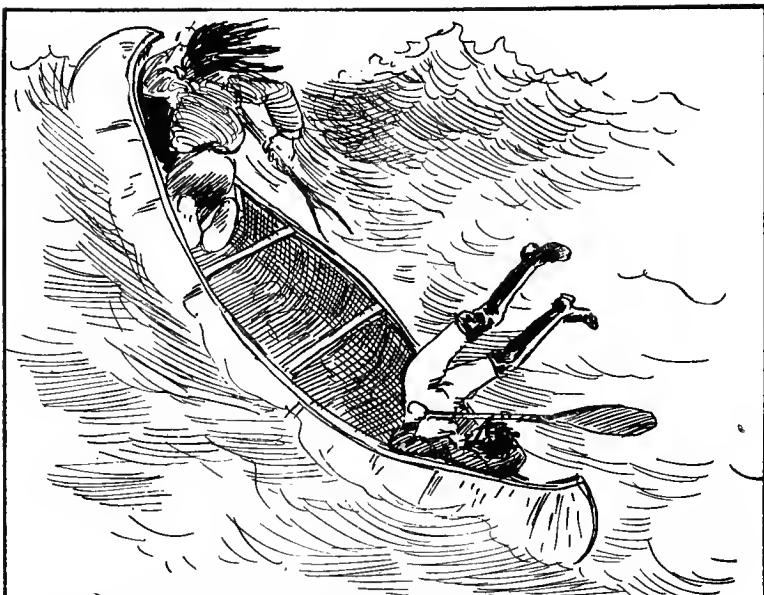


man pointed to the clouds and talked and made signs and shook his head. I told him I was in a hurry, and that this was no time to stop to teach me his Huron, Iroquois or Comanche language. It was not, however, until I showed him a dollar, and explained by signs that it was his if he paddled me out quickly to the seals, that he consented. Before we reached the place where they had been, they had all disappeared, and the water had become rough. One of the sudden squalls common on the St. Lawrence had come up, and the canoe bounced on waves each twice as high as itself. The Indian had seen the squall coming. That was what he had been trying to explain to me when he pointed to the sky; but he had nevertheless, for the sake of a prospective dollar, risked his own worthless old life and my highly insured existence.

The wind was rising and the waves getting higher, and I signalled to the old tobacco sign in the stern to paddle ashore. He obeyed with alacrity. In fact, he was too eager to start, and, turning too quickly, got into the trough of the sea, and in a moment the canoe shipped a wave and was



half full of water. The Indian was paddling with all his might, but the wind and tide were against him, and we were slowly but certainly drifting out into the river, which is 25 miles wide here. He made signs to me that indicated his desire that I should bail the water out of the canoe. Now, there is a great deal of repose in my nature. I never indulge in wild orgies of manual labor. I seldom run when I can walk, never walk when I can ride, and prefer sitting to standing at any time. I usually have my physical exercise done for me by proxy, by a hired man at \$1 a day and his board. So I hesitated, neither desiring the job nor feeling equal to it; but the old Indian was urgent, and when another wave joined the first in the canoe, I



saw that something had to be done, and "if it were done, 'twere well it were done quickly." I used my \$4 cap, the one with the brass buttons on it, to bail with, and the way I made moisture fly astonished myself and nearly drowned the Indian. People ashore who were looking in our direction must have thought that a water-spout was spouting, or a cyclone cycling out in the river. The wind was blowing us out toward the dangerous swirls and eddies.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER, despite the efforts of the Indian. He shoved a paddle toward me, and in his beautiful and figurative language, that I did not understand, said that if I ever wanted to see mud on my boots again or change my shirt here on earth, I had better take the paddle and pad for all I was worth. These are not the exact words he used, perhaps, but I caught the idea he meant to convey, and I made some wild, impetuous strokes with the paddle that nearly capsized the craft. Once, when I missed touching the water with my paddle, I narrowly missed crashing through the bottom of the canoe; but when I settled down to steady paddling, I made the water fairly smoke. I must have been accumulating energy all of these years, and have had a tremendous lot of it stored inside me without knowing it. Perhaps I have been an athlete all the time without being aware of the fact. I may have inherited

thews and sinews and physical force from some ancestor who was a prodigy of strength and prowess, and these qualities may have been lying dormant in me until called into action by necessity. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention. In this case she was mother and grandmother and ancestors for 10 generations back of an amount of force in paddling and an expenditure of energy that has been seldom seen on the St. Lawrence. Do I not make myself understood? Well, then, let it pass.

We got ashore near the yacht, and while the old Indian, with the extra dollar in his pocket, went to the portage to find his squaw, I went on board and tried to get my boots off. I wore a pair of high rubber boots over a thin pair of leather shoes. They were full of water, and after I got the water out by lying down on my back and waving my legs in the air, the boots refused to come off. Then there was a sound of deviltry by night, as the crew whom I was using as a bootjack hauled and tugged and lost his hold, and in an extemporaneous way sat down in a pot of rice. I got them off by splitting them down the side with a knife, and then I climbed into my cabin, lay down beside a venison ham, two pounds of cheese and a paper sack full of new laid beans; and in a moment I was asleep and dreaming of being toasted before a slow fire on the end of a harpoon held by a fat squaw, in presence of a tribe of hostile Indians.



KNOX AS A FISHERMAN

Trout Fishing Extraordinary
with a French Canadian.

SEAL AND PORPOISE HUNTING.

The Texan's Graphic Description
of the Capture of Seals and
Porpoises.

ON BOARD YACHT CHAMPLAIN.

TADOUSAC, P. Q.

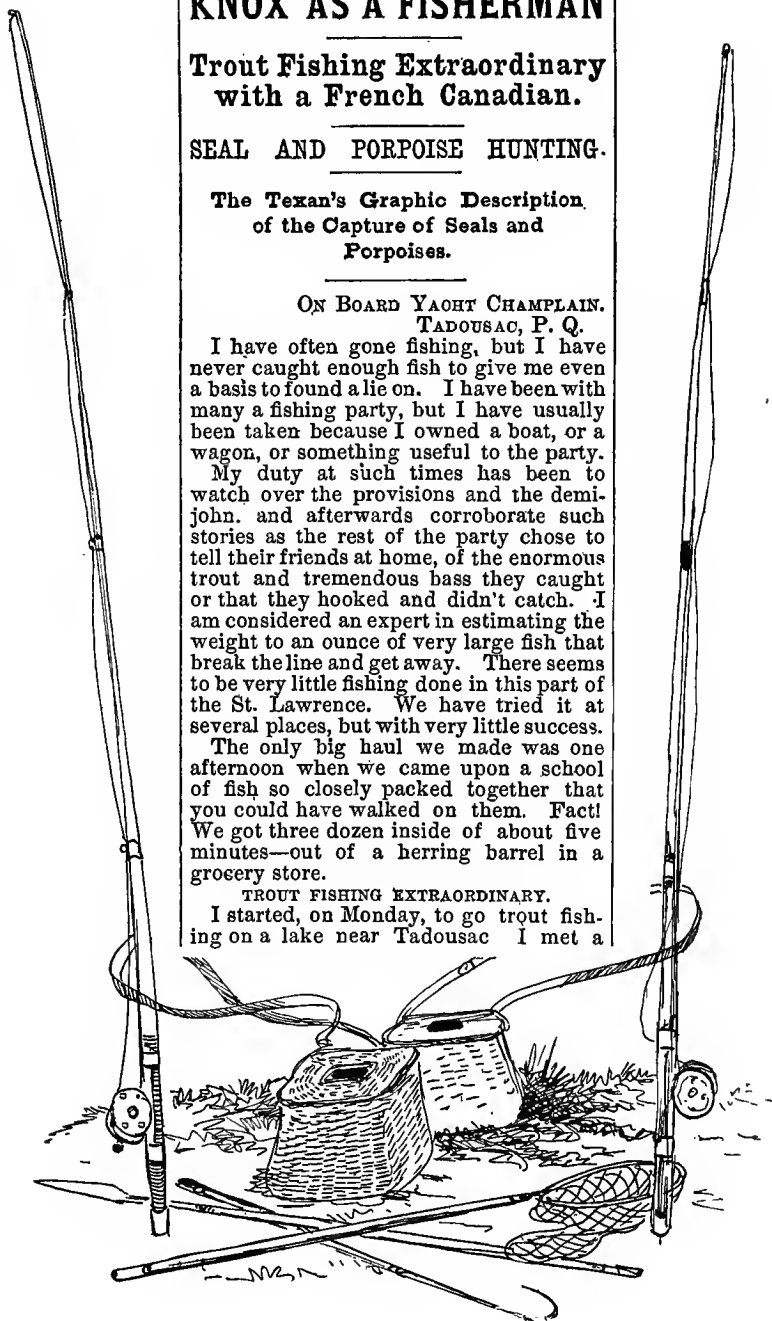
I have often gone fishing, but I have never caught enough fish to give me even a basis to found a lie on. I have been with many a fishing party, but I have usually been taken because I owned a boat, or a wagon, or something useful to the party.

My duty at such times has been to watch over the provisions and the demi-john, and afterwards corroborate such stories as the rest of the party chose to tell their friends at home, of the enormous trout and tremendous bass they caught or that they hooked and didn't catch. I am considered an expert in estimating the weight to an ounce of very large fish that break the line and get away. There seems to be very little fishing done in this part of the St. Lawrence. We have tried it at several places, but with very little success.

The only big haul we made was one afternoon when we came upon a school of fish so closely packed together that you could have walked on them. Fact! We got three dozen inside of about five minutes—out of a herring barrel in a grocery store.

TROUT FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

I started, on Monday, to go trout fishing on a lake near Tadousac. I met a





French Canadian, named Baptiste, in his boat on the Saguenay, the day before, and he told me of a large lake only six miles away where the trout were so numerous of late that they were actually suffering from lack of water. They were all large fish, he said, no small ones at all, and they were prepared at all times to accept bait of any character. I asked him where I could find some one to guide me to the lake. He said that although he was surfeited with pulling out trout at this season, he would not mind going with me himself, just to oblige me. I thought this very courteous to a stranger, but these Canadians are always courteous and obliging.

There would be some little expense, he intimated, which "Monsieur would no doubt be veeling to pay." I assured him I was perfectly willing to pay, and urged him to spare no expense in making preparations and in providing fishing materials. I knew that when I got back from this trip to New York my friends would expect to see fish scales in my hair, and I wished to be able to meet their expectations with, at least, a truthful fishing narrative that would do me credit.

Baptiste came for me about 7 o'clock next morning. He was driving a horse and sitting on a two-wheeled thing he called a cart. He said he had made "preparations grandes." I saw no sign of the preparations for trout slaughter, except one rough fishing-pole and line. I noticed also an axe in the cart.

We started in the cart over the mountains. There are no roads in this part of the country beyond a radius of one mile from Tadousac. The country is mountainous and rocky. We climbed up hills and bumped over boulders and fallen trees into canyons, while Baptiste talked

reprovingly sometimes, and sometimes encouragingly, to the horses, and I smoked and waited to have my neck broken. I soon found out what the axe was for. The cart would get stuck in a narrow place, and Baptiste would get out and hew down a tree that was in the way, while I would restrain the quadruped in the cart.

WHERE PATIENCE WAS REQUISITE.

About 9 o'clock we overtook another cart, on the top of which was a canoe. This cart was stuck in a small ravine through which flowed a deep stream about six feet wide. Two men were cutting down trees and making a bridge. Baptiste told me that this was part of "ze preparations grandes" that he had made for me. The canoe, he said, was to use on the lake when we got there, the cart was to carry the canoe, and the two men were to kick the horse when it stopped, and to build bridges and hew



out the way with their axes. It took an hour to finish the bridge, and we were then only two miles from Tadousac.

"Patience, Monsieur; ve get zere by-emby, and zen remember ze feesh ve catch. Ve vill mooch rewarded be."

The shades of 4 P. M. were falling around us when we came to another gorge with a deep stream in it.

"Patience, Monsieur, eet ees only wan mile to ze lake that ees full, oh! so full of poisson. Eet will take wan day to build ze bridge, but ve vill get dere and catch mooch of ze trout, tree, four pound every wan."

I turned the procession back to Tadousac, and got on the yacht after dark. I did not go into the cabin for I knew it was not big enough to hold both me and my indignation. I lay down on deck and confided to the stars above my belief that of all the citizens of the United States at present traveling abroad, I considered myself the most elaborate and credulous fool. This morning I was somewhat

cooler, and was laughing at the absurdity of the adventure, when Baptiste came on board in pursuit of a settlement.

It is not probable that I shall ever laugh again. He said that the expense was \$10. I expostulated. He said it was really cheap. "Fife dollar for ze feex of ze road and for ze cart, and fife dollar for ze build of ze bridge. I charge nozzing for myself." The old scoundrel got the money. Never mention trou to me again. If ever a Canadian talks to me of making "preparations grandes" for my pleasure I'll have a fit.

SEAL AND PORPOISE SHOOTING.

The porpoise that inhabit the waters of the lower St. Lawrence and the Labrador coast differ very much from the porpoise to be found along the coast of the United States. They are much larger and their color is perfectly white. I saw one killed here that measured sixteen feet in length and weighed 2000 pounds.

Yesterday, according to agreement, two seal and porpoise hunters came alongside the yacht in a whaleboat at six o'clock in the morning. I was ready to go with them when they arrived. They did not speak English, and as their French and mine did not run in parallel lines, I took our captain with me as interpreter. The boat was chiefly remarkable for smell and oiliness. She was about twenty-four feet long, had a deck, a sail and a cask of water. There was also a large piece of solid wood on board, coiled around which was a rope, and to the end of the rope was attached a very rusty harpoon, crude in style and make. The hunters were further armed with old single-barreled percussion shotguns loaded with ball. I had a Colt's repeating rifle and enough cartridges to kill all the porpoise within many leagues.

A stiff breeze soon took us out to the swirls and eddies where the Saguenay joins its dark waters with the green flood of the St. Lawrence. We passed two canoes with two Indians, an old man and a boy, in each. Motionless on his knees in the bow knelt the old man, his gun by his side and his paddle in hand; the boy was also on his knees in the stern, with paddle poised awaiting a sign from the old man. The other canoe and its occupants were fac. similes of the first. They were seal hunters and were watching for a seal to come to the surface. Just as we passed them a seal's head appeared on the water, about 400 yards ahead. Simultaneously, the two paddles of each

canoe flashed in the water, and the canoes shot forward noiselessly, but at an astonishing rate of speed. It was a race for the spot where either would consider he was near enough to shoot. They passed us, and we were fifty yards behind them and about 150 yards from the seal, when the Indian in the foremost canoe laid down his paddle and reached for his gun.

I was waiting for that moment. It was an easy shot. The sea, just then, was as smooth as glass, and the deck of the heavy whaleboat had no perceptible motion. The head of the seal only appeared above the water. The second Indian stopped at the same moment, although he was ten yards further from the seal. As they were raising their guns to their shoulders, I fired. There was a tremendous commotion in the water where the seal's head had been, and two disgusted Indians were sitting glaring at us, as motionless as when we first saw them.

Supposing that we had only wounded the seal and that it had dived, our boat headed North and sailed away. Looking back, we saw the two Indians racing again toward the seal, which was now on the surface of the water dead. The Indian who first reached it stuck his harpoon in it, while the other appealed to us with voice and gesture. We tacked around and told them to divide such profit as there might be in the seal between them. It was of no use to me, as the skin cannot be tanned here except in a way that leaves it hard and thick.

Over to windward we sighted a school of porpoises, ten of them. They were making a sound exactly like the engine of a steamboat blowing off steam. Their huge bodies came to the surface about every half minute. They seemed to be playing with or chasing each other, as, with a circular swoop, they rose two or three feet above the water and then dived down again. Each time they came up they were nearer to us, as they were coming directly toward our boat. The men told me to shoot next time they would rise. Up they came, four of them, but not in the place I expected.

I fired, and could hear the bullet go "ping" into the foremost one. He made a mighty tumult in the water, rising his whole length high up into the air, then, with a lash of his tail that made the water hiss and foam, disappeared beneath the surface. The others went down also, and none of them came up while we re-

mained there. The hunters explained that I had probably shot the porpoise through the fat, but the bullet only stung and frightened him, and would not be fatal. After shooting a porpoise it is necessary to harpoon it very quickly, otherwise it will sink and be lost.

THE ST. LAWRENCE EDDIES.

Little gusts of wind came down from the mountains, and as our boat ran before it, she made the water sizz. Then we would sail out on a stretch of water that was perfectly smooth, and anon would be swung round in an eddy, four times in twenty-five seconds. The St. Lawrence eddies are wonderful and inexplicable. I have seen some of them catch a great big log of driftwood, whirl it around, stand it on end, and then suck it under.

The two hunters got out into the canoe that accompanied the whale boat, took their guns and harpoons and paddled off. Suddenly, from almost under the bow of the canoe, arose a porpoise. Quick as thought the hunter in the bow dropped his paddle, raised his gun, and, before the brute had finished blowing, snapped a cap. The miserable old musket would not work.

When men who make their living shooting porpoise that are worth from \$20 to \$50 each will not invest \$30 in a good repeating rifle, but will stick to the old fuseses of their fathers, it is no wonder that the Chicago man who met me in Quebec, said: "Them Canadians is no good. They don't know whether they are living B. C. or A. D."

The hunters came back to the boat and, in the native patois, made remarks that I am pleased to know I did not understand.

The man who had tried to fire the shot slammed his gun down on the deck and kicked it into the cockpit. Then they consoled themselves with a lunch of fat, salt pork and a chunk of in-the-gloaming-colored rye bread. As I had eaten a good breakfast before starting and had been thinking for the past five hours that the smell of the cabin was about all the lunch I needed, I declined to join them. When a man can assuage his appetite with a smell what is the use of pampering it with fat bacon and anonymous bread.

We swung around where we were. We could not anchor because the depth of water inside the mouth of the Saguenay is over 500 feet, so we drifted and waited. We had not long to wait for soon the sea was alive with porpoises. I suppose there

were no less than fifty in sight at once. Close to us arose three. Again the hunters told me to shoot at the next rise, while they silently dropped into a canoe and as silently paddled out astern. With a whoof! whoof! whoof! three white discs came to the surface. I took deliberate aim at a spot behind the fin of one of them and fired. Three porpoises descended into the depths. I thought I had missed, but could not understand why.

HARPOONING A PORPOISE.

Two paddles gleamed in the water; the canoe shot ahead 100 yards and then stopped. The man in the bow seized his rusty harpoon in his right hand and in his left grasped a coil of, perhaps, fifty feet of rope, and for a moment stood like a statue in the bow of the canoe. Then, with all the impetus that his strength could give it, he flung the harpoon into the water. As he did so his companion heaved overboard the block of wood, around which the rope attached to the harpoon was coiled. The rope disappeared and the block went under. Up it came again, and then went down with a rush. In five minutes it went a mile; then it quietly floated on the surface of the water. We sailed up to the spot; the block was thrown on board and the rope was hauled in until the great white carcass of the porpoise floated on the surface astern.

I was satisfied, and we started for the harbor, towing the porpoise with us. On the way we shot a baby porpoise. It was less than a year old and of a brown color. They do not become white until after they are 15 or 18 months old. The mother suckles her young until it is almost two years old. It was estimated that the large porpoise that I shot would weigh 1500 pounds and would produce nearly 100 gallons of oil, worth fifty cents a gallon here. The fat is about four inches thick all round just under the skin. The skin makes good leather and is worth \$6.

From a calculation of these figures you can see that porpoise hunting might be made a very profitable pursuit. Most of those who hunt them here are lazy. When they kill a porpoise they do not work any more until the proceeds of the sale is exhausted. They only go "porpusin" when they need food or money. The two hunters who went with me yesterday have killed eighteen this season.

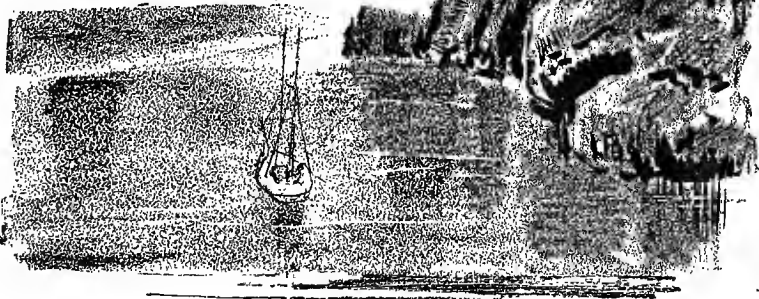
THE DREARY SAGUENAY.

A Mountain Crack Three Thousand Feet Deep.

Ninety Miles of Desolation—An Accomplished Liar of the Olden Time
—The Adventurous Pioneers—
Canadian and Texan Piety
Contrasted.

Imagine a great stretch of granite mountains, riven asunder by some immense force in the time when this scarred and battered old world of ours was young, their walls thrown from one to two miles apart, forming a mighty fissure of from two thousand to three thousand feet in depth, and ninety miles in length. Then imagine, at the bottom of this tremendous chasm, a mass of flowing water more than six hundred feet in depth, and you have the Saguenay river, which rises in Lake St. John and flows into the St. Lawrence, one hundred and fifty miles below Quebec. But no imagination can picture such a weird and sombre thing as it is. It must be seen and its dismal influence felt; it must be looked down upon from the crags above, and then sailed upon, before one can appreciate or understand its utter desolateness.

We sailed up this extraordinary stream the other day, as far as a settlement called Chicoutimi, ninety miles from its mouth, and in all that distance



not a living thing did we see, except a solitary raven.

Its waters are of a dark brown color. It has no shelving shores, but instead, great masses of rock—in many places seventeen hundred feet high—rise straight up from the water's edge. There is no anchorage in the whole stretch of the river, except in one place, called Ha Ha bay. The largest ship in the world could sail along within a rod of the precipice on either side. In crevices far up the naked walls grow stunted fir trees. It is no wonder that the ancient mariners spoke of the gloomy entrance of this river as the portals of hell. It is a chaotic nightmare of gloom and desolation, of stern and naked rocks, of frowning precipices, dark sullen waters, and sombre shadows. Compared with it, I can imagine the Styx to be a cheerful, sportive stream. Even with the bright sun of a cloudless summer day shining down upon us, we experienced a shivering feeling, and we sailed out into the middle of the stream as far from the chilly shadows of the savage overhanging cliffs as possible. It was with a feeling of relief, as if awaking from an ugly dream, that we passed out of the river's mouth into the more cheerful waters of the St. Lawrence.

The people who live near the Saguenay and those who visit it and write about it, are prone to exaggerate the height of its cliffs and depths of its waters. If it was necessary to strain a point and lie about it, I think I should be equal to the task; but there is no need to do that—the truth regarding it sounds strange enough.

A PIONEER LIAR.

Old Jacques Cartier, who visited the Saguenay in 1535, was the first exaggerator who wrote of the place. Among other things, he said: "In ascending the Saguenay, you reach a country where there are men dressed like us, who live in cities, and have much gold, rubies and copper." Think of the advantage that a sixteenth century liar, like Cartier, had over one like you or me, for instance. In writing of the river, I have to confine myself to rocks, and water, and great wastes of uninhabited atmosphere. If I should throw in a ruby mine, or a mermaid, or a cave filled with treas-



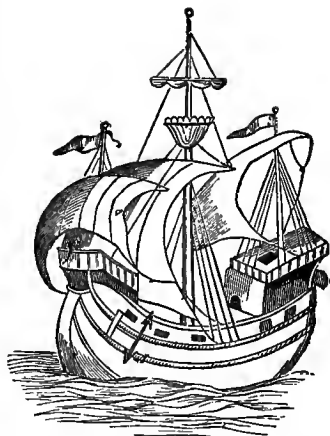


ures, some tourist who had been there would—to use the language of the editor of the *Crosby County Clarion*: “Sit down on me in thunder tones,” and expose my mendacity. Cartier was the first to visit this region, and he had no reason to think that any other tourist would visit for many years. It was probably noted by his contemporaries and commented on, that, although he was of a frugal disposition and usually appropriated anything of value he could find in the strange lands he visited, he failed to bring back to France any of the gold and rubies of the Saguenay. But we must not be too hard on Cartier and the early explorers. In their day the people of the Old World were ready to believe any marvelous tale regarding hitherto unexplored regions. They did not know that the laws of nature that ruled in their own lands would necessarily be the same in other and more distant lands, and they swallowed stories of giants, and griffins, and one-eyed men that these travelers claimed to have seen, and asked for more. It is a pleasure to most people to excite wonder in the minds of others, and to be the first to tell a surprising tale of things extraordinary. So all the early navigators kept their imaginations steadily at work, six days a week, and used so little truth that it is a wonder there is not more of it left in the world to-day.

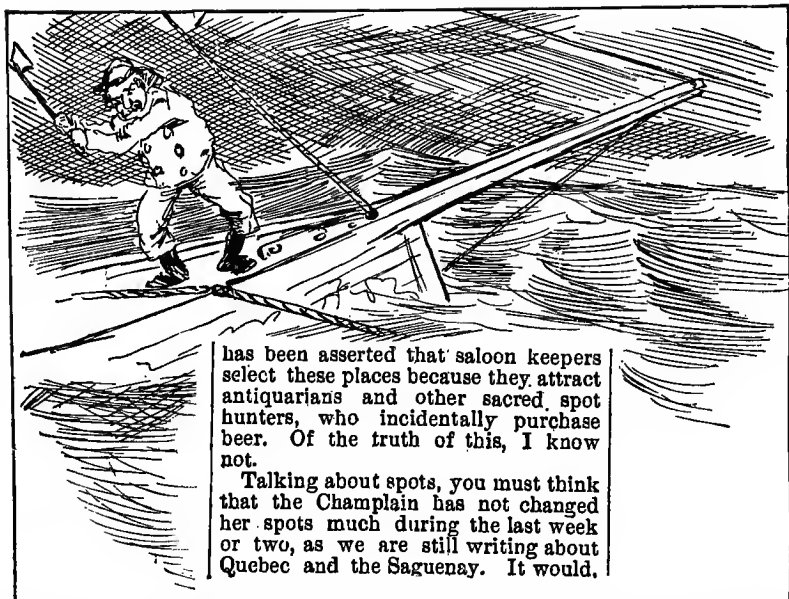
The adventurous spirit and courage of the men who, centuries ago, sailed on unknown seas in search of new worlds, amaze me. If there were any worlds left for us to discover, we would go in iron steamers, and enjoy comfort, luxury and safety. But those men sailed in ships, some of which were not over twenty tons burden, sailed without charts, or canned milk, or electric hair brushes, or a smoking room, or any one who would play poker or bet on daily run of the ship—in fact, without any of the modern comforts of ocean travel; but they kept on discovering us, all over this continent, even when sometimes they had to work Sundays, and go for days without food, and stand watches to keep the sailors from lurching off each other. I really think they deserved credit for this, especially when we consider that when they got through a job of discovering, and went home and reported to the kings who owned them, they were sometimes put in prison, or had their heads amputated.

The past is all right, and if it is not I could not help it. I think it is a good thing that we have a past. No man should be without one—one that he can look back to with pleasure and without a desire to assume a *nom de plume*. But it is the present that interests me most. Historic memories hanging around a place do not make the coffee at the hotel any less gritty, and they often add to the amount of the bill. Time past we can talk of; time to come we can hope for, but it is only in time present that we can act. Yes, it is well, and pleasant too, to think of the past, and wonder at the things done in the days that are gone, but the most of my pleasure is in observing and studying how the mad world wags to-day. I would rather watch the comedy of the present than nose around—pardon the expressive expression—among the mildewed bones of the tragedies of the past.

Before I branch off from this subject, however, I would call your attention to how they honor historic spots in Canada. There are a great many of these spots, and there is a church built on almost every one of them. They are erected where early discoverers and pioneers landed—and they seem to have kept on landing all over the country—where any of them died; where saints appeared in vision; where the faithful were saved from danger after vowing to erect a shrine to their special saint. I could not find a place worthy of being mentioned in history, where a church does not now stand. Roberval is the only important Canadian pioneer not thus honored, but as he was lost in the Saguenay, in over one hundred fathoms of water, and as no one knows the spot, he had no chance. I think this church building an excellent thing, and much better than the way they mark such places in Texas. San Antonio is so full of historic spots that if they were all put down on a map of the city it would look like the skin of a leopard. There they build saloons over the spots, and when you want to see one of them the barkeeper has to lift a beer keg off the hallowed spot where some good Jesuit father died, full of Indian arrows, in the seventeenth century; or take you behind the counter, back of the ice-chest, that you may behold the spot where General Santa Anna committed some atrocious deed. It



SHIP OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



has been asserted that saloon keepers select these places because they attract antiquarians and other sacred spot hunters, who incidentally purchase beer. Of the truth of this, I know not.

Talking about spots, you must think that the Champlain has not changed her spots much during the last week or two, as we are still writing about Quebec and the Saguenay. It would,

however, be a mistake to think so. We made a very sudden change the other night, and left an \$18 anchor and 100 feet of cable to mark the spot. We didn't want to leave either the anchor or the spot, but a Canadian gale demonstrated in about two minutes that

it would be best for us to sever our connection with the anchor by means of a sharp axe, and accompany it down the river. It escorted us more than 100 miles, until we gave it the slip in a sheltered bay on the Labrador coast, and it went howling along in the di-

rection of "Greenland's icy mountains."

I shall tell you more of this in my next letter. I would do so now but I must mail this letter at once, or it will not get away from this place for two weeks. A sore-backed horse who carries the mail somewhere in the direction of the United States, is just now waiting for it, and is patiently standing on the beach chewing seaweed while I write these closing lines.



This "lost MS." was not recovered until all the other letters of the series were published. It is placed here because as this is where it would have been inserted if it had not been lost.

KNOX'S LOST MANUSCRIPT.

HOW IT WAS LOST AND FOUND

COLUMBUS COULDN'T FIND HIS TOBACCO.

STORY ABOUT A BANSHEE—A STORM—GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP.

Did you ever write something and lose the manuscript, and hunt for it in all sorts of probable and improbable places; and, failing to find it, sit down and try to rewrite from memory what you had written before. If so, you doubtless found it a hard task, and probably gave it up, preferring to write on a new subject.

I lost a manuscript when on a cruise on the lower St. Lawrence; I never tried to rewrite it, but today I found it, or rather it came back to me after it had traveled many thousand miles by land and sea, and had passed through many climes and countries. The following letter will explain how it was lost and how it returned to me:

on the bark Firefly

honord Sur Kornel nox i send you by this male a Fu sheets of riting wich Belongs to you its no Us too me & i hav Been a long ways sense i se n you i shipped to Halifax & then had a helava time going to Bristol england & then i came to liverpool & hear i am in a place cauled Algeers in the Mediturean on a bark with a generl Cargo & Ful of rats & the Captain fullernagoos awl the time & swares most offul the Feed is no good & i am sick of having my sistem jamd full of Beens awl the time wishl had Sum of the grub we had on the yot on the Saint Lawrence will you ever forgit tho bloobery py honord sur wich it was in the tale of the coat you give me & in Behine the the lining i ripped yesterday i Found the papers the ar sum you wer going to put in a Book i think i rite this too you with my respek & the Captain will put yure adres on this & male it for me at napels wher weer going

no more at present from your

obedient respektfully

John Maddox able seaman

that was a Devil of a trip we had on the Champlain but if ever you croose any more i would like to work for you i never will forgit that py

The Lost Manuscript.

We lie becalmed off Cape Chatte, on the St. Lawrence. The distance to either shore is 15 miles. The water all around is perfectly smooth. The sky and clouds

are reflected from its surface, or rather seem to be duplicated in the depths below. The sun shines with a pleasant autumn warmth, and the yacht floats on an even keel with 30 fathoms of cold, damp water below her. The waters seem to be asleep and forgetful of their course toward the sea. A haze partially veils the shore and magnifies and distorts distant objects so that a schooner two miles away looks as large as a frigate, and seems to float among the clouds.

Away beyond the mountains warring winds may blow, and out in Kansas rollicking breezes may be playing with the straw hat of our fellow man and whirling sand and cinders into his eyes; but, in all these leagues of water around us, there is not as much moving air as would make a lover's sigh or float a thistle down. The sails are motionless, and the stars and stripes at the masthead hang in limp, dejected folds. Over yonder a pair of seals float asleep on the surface. Here and there a fish leaps, and from the spot radiates a tiny wave that broadens and spreads far and wide, and we can hear faintly the sound of a church in some distant hamlet on the shore. There is nothing else beyond the yacht to tell us that the world is not dead or asleep.

I have been on the plains when not a blade of grass moved, and in the woods when the leaves on all the trees were motionless, but insect, bird and beast abounded, and there was not such stillness and suspension of motion there as we experience here.

I lean over the rail, look down into the water and indulge in thought. Indulging in thought is my only dissipation when yachting. I think of Columbus when he came across the seas and was impatient to discover us. How he must have fretted and chafed during those long days when he was becalmed and the sailors were mutinous, and he had to hold his salt pork in his fingers because forks were not then invented; and when much worried over all this he went below to soothe his mind with a smoke, and couldn't find his smoking tobacco, how mad it must have made him to suddenly remember that tobacco had not yet been discovered.

We throw a block of wood overboard and shoot at it, but it does not float far enough away to make the shooting interesting. Then we sit on the quarter deck and smoke, and the skipper tells a story of blood curdling sounds that break the

stillness of the woods at night, how a deer can be heard 10 miles off making its way to water through a tamarac swamp, and how the sound of a panther suckling her young is audible at a distance of—but let that pass. In a calm like this a man is excusable for anything, and any yarn to relieve the monotony is cheerfully and unquestionably accepted.

Our pilot, who sits at the helm eating plug tobacco, is reminded by the skipper's story of a piece of his early experience. He breaks the piece off and gives it to us in that matter of fact way that men have who go down to the sea in ships. He says that he shipped before the mast and sailed from Quebec to Liverpool. They left Quebec in a gale, and the storm lasted throughout the voyage. The cook could not light the galley fires, and our pilot lived on hard tack and animate pork all the time, and for 29 days worked and swore and slept in wet clothes. He wore two pair of trousers, and when he arrived in Liverpool had to scrape the blue mould off his inside trousers and his legs. It is now my turn, and I tell an elaborate

Story about a Banshee

that belonged to our family in Ireland for five generations. It had always been one of those wild kind of banshees until I took it in hand, and inside a month had it so tame that it would follow me all around and lick salt out of my hand.

A large cake of corn bread is presented to me when I conclude my narrative. Then the artist begins: "I once went fishing with a party. It was just at this time of year. We didn't take a drop of anything to drink with us—"

At this point the cake is taken from me and handed to the artist, and then we all go below to sleep, except the skipper who says that this is a good day to boil beans, and he starts to boil a pot full. His weakness is beans, which he thinks he can cook better than any one. I cooked the beans the last time, but failed to let them boil long enough, and the skipper was angry, not so much that the beans were too hard for him to eat but that the crew did eat them, and that when they afterwards moved around on deck the noise that the beans made as they rattled together annoyed him.

On this river the weather is very variable. Before I have been asleep an hour I am awakened by the rattling of ropes,

creaking blocks and hurried tramp of feet overhead. I am astonished because I hear no sound of wind or wave. Going above I find the western sky black with hurrying clouds; a wall of mist and white capped waves away astern; but around about us is sunshine, and, if possible, a more oppressive calmness than before. Then comes the sound of distant thunder from behind the hills. The pilot dons his yellow oilskin and takes the helm, and

The Crew "Stand By."

It is on us in a moment, and as the yacht bends to the breeze a twilight darkness succeeds the sunshine; the damp, chill wings of a thick mist enfold us, and in two minutes the water is boiling, hissing, seething all around; and although the yacht is now carrying nothing but a double reefed foresail she goes rushing, plunging through the mad waves like some living thing running away in insane terror from an unknown danger. The wind becomes stronger every moment and great banks of black clouds come scurrying past, mingling together and massing themselves one on top of the other as they come. The waves swash and surge along the rail, flocks of foam fly past us, and spray dashes in our faces as the yacht lies over and seems to take flying leaps from wave to wave.

I pull my cap over my ears, and holding on to the cabin top crawl aft to where the skipper stands.

"I like this," I say. "This is exhilarating. Now this is what I call yachting. Is this what you would designate as a gale, or is it merely a squall?"

He takes me by the lappels of my left ear and in

A Calm Pianissimo Voice

whispers so that I can plainly hear it above the howling of the wind:

"This is nothing but a couple of Canadian zephyrs out on a lark, and when they come out it is a good time for interrogative lunatics from the States who don't know danger when they see it, to go below and say their prayers. Why, man, this is a hurricane; and it is blowing us out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on to the Labrador coast at the rate of a mile a minute, and there's only one harbor within twenty leagues. Go below and take a bite of cheese to quiet your nerves. Don't spare it, for it's likely the last that

you'll ever wrap a tooth around."

I like jokes in their proper place, but a slippery quarter deck does not seem to be a good spot for dropping facetious remarks, especially when one has to hold on like thunder to a rope to keep from being blown outside of her majesty's dominions.

We sweep past great battlements of crags and cliffs, but nowhere is there shelter. The wind blows more fiercely every moment, and seems to shrink in savage glee as we toss before it—seems to say: "Ha, ha! You wanted a breeze this morning, you whistled for wind didn't you? And one of you said in his reckless, sinful way that he'd be damned if he wouldn't rather be in a storm than in a calm any day. Well, you have got it, haven't you? And how do you like this for a breeze so far? What's the matter with this for an amateur blow? No flies on this impromptu gale, is there?" And it goes away with a malevolent roaring down the river, scooping up great stretches of water from the wave tops and scattering them in spray high up on the face of the rock-bound coast; and on up it speeds through the valleys among the hills where it doubtless rattles the windows, whistles through the keyholes, shakes the houses and howls down the chimneys of the pious old French habitants, who cross themselves and feel thankful that they are under shelter in such a storm. And then other winds come after it, and howl as loudly and derisively as they pass us on their riotous way and sweep on to overtake the other.

The pilot sits grimly at the helm, gnawing tobacco and issuing orders in a hoarse, dime-museum voice, while our dinner service of tin plate can be heard sloshing around below and anon fetching up with a crash and clamor against the starboard bird's-eye-maple slop bucket. I stay on deck and hold on to the shrouds.

Going Down with the Ship.

I am determined to go down with the ship if she goes down, and the more I think of this and of how difficult it would be to do anything else, the more determined I am to go down with her, but I am resolved to go down on the outside. I do not wish my friends to read of me being dredged up out of the cabin where my remains would be found mixed with partially boiled beans, ham bones and tin ware. I am, however, not born to be

drowned. I am probably preserved by the fates for some wise reason and better purpose. Destined, it may be, to make money and found an asylum for the widows and orphans of idiots who go yachting on the lower St. Lawrence.

Gradually the winds grow less and less violent, the clouds scatter, the demon of the storm makes one last effort to beat and batter us down, and now, as if defeated and disappointed, goes moaning out to sea. The waves subside into great swells that heave and sob and sullenly shake their white crests into bubbles and streaks of foam. The moon shines murkily from behind light, fleecy clouds that drift across her face. The north star wipes the vapor from his eye and winks down on us, and then come other stars, and that great one low down on the horizon—that is a lighthouse; and there is a bay, and shelter and anchorage there; and as the yacht sweeps proudly and triumphantly into the bay, with the stars and stripes in ribbons at her masthead, and the phosphorescent water dashing from her bows in two long streaks of gleaming silver, I go below, and as a finish to this, my most eventful day's yachting, roll myself in a wet blanket and go to sleep.

LOG OF THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN

**Col. J. Armoy Knox Rides a
Bucking Broncho.**

**The Way a Yachtsman
Got Naturalized.**

**A Country Where Hades Is
All Frozen Over.**

Below the Island of Bic the scenery on the north shore of the St. Lawrence is as desolate a piece of the earth's surface as ever pained the eye of a man who likes to look on things that are pleasant, bright or fruitful. It is the same all the way down to where I am writing this, on a rocky headland on the borders of "lonely Labrador."

It is said that it is the religious belief of some tropical savages that hell is a region of snow and ice, barrenness and desolation. I think that the man who originated that idea of the regions of torment must have seen the northern shore of the lower St. Lawrence, at least in a vision, and if he claimed that there were lower and more dreadful depths in the place of eternal punishment, he must have had the Labrador coast in his mind's eye. The scenery down to the mouth of the St. Lawrence comprises great masses of rocks, stunted firs, rocks, dwarfed birches, rocks, blueberries and rocks. Interspersed with these the traveller will occasionally notice rocks.

The monotony of this cheerless shore is only broken by a lighthouse here and there, or a wooden cross erected to mark the spot where the bodies of those who perished in some shipwreck are laid. It is pleasant enough to sail along such a coast for a day. Its wildness is new to you. The novelty of its barrenness interests you, and it makes you

More Pleased and Satisfied

than you ever were before with the place, far away, that you call home, even if you do live in Chicago. It is when you sail along for a distance

of some 300 miles that you begin to think that this is one of the ends of the earth that there is entirely too much of.

The south shore of the river is a fertile garden when compared to this. As far down as where the river ends and the gulf begins, the south shore is dotted all along with houses, inhabited by people who live by a pitiful effort at farming and by codfishing. They harmonize with their surroundings—like the trees they are stunted, and like the rocks they are weather-worn and uncomely. Then the weather! I do not know what to say of it. It must be damaged shelf-worn weather that has been kept until more than ripe, and found to be unfit for human use in any other country. To palm it off on the people here who have so little that is good given them by nature, is the acme of cruelty. The weather, however, makes up in quantity and variety for what it lacks in quality. It will blue-mould your boots one day and freeze the edge off your razor the next. It seems to consist mostly of fog, rain, mist, erratic winds and a profuse smell of dried codfish. That is how it is now in August. It is not yet cold enough for more than two pairs of trousers, a toboggan suit and a fur overcoat, but in winter I believe it must be colder. My reason for this belief is that a native told me that in cold weather, in January, he had often seen the sound of a steam whistle, as it shot up into the air, turn into an icicle about twice as long and thick as a bamboo fishing pole.

And wind! Well, it does not blow all the time, but

When It Does Blow.

it is not a perfume-laden zephyr that whispers through the woodlands and makes the flowers to nod in rhythmic motion; nor is it the breeze that makes a ripple on the water, like a dark shadow, and drives the fleecy clouds athwart the moon's pale face; nor is it even like the stiff nor'wester that fills the white sails of commerce, turns a borrowed umbrella inside out, and blows the back gate off its hinges. No, the wind of these regions is something that does not wander around the premises in search of an Æolian harp; neither does it dally with the wavy tresses on beauty's brow; but it is a

robust tempest that comes howling straight across lots, rooting up trees and blowing water out of wells—something that comes shrieking up the gulch, peeling the bark off the unprotected house dog, pulling up post-holes by the roots and hurling them into the next school district. It was such a wind as this that blew us down here—a wind that began like the subdued tone of a fiddle being tuned, and ended like the thundering crash of a whole brazen orchestra, with a calliope behind the scenes; a wind that suggested a man who once tried to collect a bill from me—at first pleasant and agreeable, then animated, then boisterous; at last clamorous, noisy and abusive. We did not wish to come so far with it, but we came.

I cannot get en rapport with these fisherfolks. I always like to mingle with the people of the country I am visiting. In my youth I was told that I should do at Rome as the Romans do, and I usually try to do so; but should I make the attempt here, I would have to

Saturate Myself in Codfish,

talk codfish, eat codfish, smell of codfish, and sing "God Save the Queen" on the slightest provocation. So I know I never could be anything but a tenderfoot here. Now it was different in Texas. When I went there, I got "acclimated" before I was in the State two days. One could conform to habits, customs and surroundings there without affecting one's physical comfort or knocking the hoops off one's conscience. I don't think I ever told you about how I became a Texan in two minutes.

Well, this would be about as good a time as any other to tell it. I would much rather write about Texas than about this ragged and hungry looking country. Wish I was on the back of a mustang now, out on the western plains, instead of sitting here on this hard rock on "a foreign strand."

When I first went to Texas I was accompanied by an obtrusive English accent and a pair of speckled trousers that invited harsh criticism. It was at a place called Columbus that I made my debut as a tenderfoot. Beside my accent and the ostentatious trousers, I carried with me a very high estimate of myself, and I considered it to be my duty, as a subject of

Victoria Dei gratia, to let the hordes of Texas barbarians know that I was a person of importance.

At Columbus I wanted to buy a horse, as it was my intention to ride from that place to the Rio Grande. While sitting on the veranda of the little wooden hotel, I dropped my haughty patrician reserve for a time and conversed with

A Number of Cowboys,

who were stopping at the place. I did not hesitate to express my contempt for the Texas horses I had seen. I made facetious remarks regarding the ungraceful manner in which Texans rode, and I was sarcastic in the matter of the Texas saddle.

In Texas fools sometimes rush in where desperadoes fear to tread.

The cowboys asked me what was the best way to ride, and what kind of horses did we have in our country. I told them that I rode with a long stirrup. I related exploits wherein I fig-



ured as winning a steeplechase across a stiff country in the west of Ireland, and I told of some horses I had owned—phenomenal horses, with pedigrees running away back into the dark ages. Even to this day whenever I think of what an ass I demonstrated myself to be on that occasion, I make an effort to blush.

The cowboys seemed to take all I said good-naturedly, and they made no comment. The head cowboy, however, looked tired, and asked the others to take a drink. He invited me to join them. When we arrived at the bar I said I would take a glass of claret.

"Jim, he says he'll take claret. Maybe he'd like it in a silver goblet, with a strawberry or an oyster in it, as he's accustomed to in his ancestral castle at home. Oh, he's a daisy, I tell you. Barkeeper, the tenderfoot'll take some whiskey, same as the rest of us. I reckon that's what he'll take."

A small still voice within me whispered that whiskey was under the circumstances, the thing for me to take, and I took it.

"Want to buy a horse, you say, eh?"

"Yes," I replied; I want a good

steady horse."

"Oh, no, you want

A Bucking Broncho,
that's what *you* want."

"What is a bucking broncho?"

"Don't know, eh?"

"No."

"Then that's ee-kzactly what you want. Ain't it, boys?"

Chorus of boys—"You just bet your sweet life."

The result was that the chief pirate sold me a dismal looking plug, a saddle and a bridle for \$50. When I got ready to leave, the boys were all standing around to see me off. Sarcastic remarks were made about me being a "steeplechaser 'way back," and the crowd was requested to give me room to spread myself. I got into the saddle and was gathering up the reins, when the wretched parody on a horse arose in the air, bent his back like a bow, and came down again with all his four feet in a bunch under his centre of gravity. I did not at that moment seem to have any centre of gravity of my own. There was a vague idea in my brain that the earth in its diurnal whirl had slipped a cog, or in its wild climb around the sun had stumped its toe. These thoughts were simultaneous with the sensation of being hit with something. I knew in a moment that it was with the earth on which we live, for nothing



smaller than a globe 25,000 miles in circumference could have given me such a cold, harsh, stunning bat on the ear.

When I got to my feet, shook the sand out of my hair, and hung a horse blanket around my splintered garments, I discovered that my bucking broncho was gone. The cowboys were pointing him out to each other as he could be discerned scooting across the scenery. Turning to the crowd, I said: "Gentlemen, let's all take a drink." Although surprised,

They all Walked to the Bar

without comment.

"What was it that that animal—that bucking broncho—did to me?"

"He bucked you; that's what *he* did."

"That was bucking, was it? Well, I'm thankful he didn't broncho, or it might have gone hard with me. Have another drink, gentlemen."

While they drank, I slipped out into the yard, and cast my imported Eng-



lish accent into the well. I had dropped some of my self-esteem when the broncho bucked. When I came in again I said, "Gentlemen, have another." They seemed more surprised than before, but they took it. Then Jim stepped out, took my hand, and leading me into the middle of the room, said:

"Pardners, the man that'll git bucked as premiscus as this chap has, an' then, in plain United States language, sets up the drinks three times, an' do it hearty, is no tenderfoot, and the man that sez he is is a liar."

At that moment I graduated. I



s ceased being a tenderfoot and became
a Texan.

n Seems to me that there is not as
t much about yachting in this letter as
y I might have written, but as it is
n about the regulation length it must go
s as it is. Armed with a gun, I am go-
r ing to spend this-afternoon bearding
y the wild goose in his den.



KNOX'S CRUISE.

Sailing From French Into British America.

**An Unexpected Avalanche of Mail
—A Town Built on Codfish—
The Irrepressible Cartier—
Gallicized Scotchmen.**

Since I started, two months ago, on this cruise I did not receive a letter or newspaper at any Postoffice on the route until yesterday. I did not wish to receive any. When I go away for a rest in summer I do not like to be worried with letters. I want to enjoy absolute absence from care, and you know you cannot have that if you receive letters saying, for instance: "We beg to inform you that the note of Jones, in your favor and payable yesterday, has been protested for non-payment;" or "Your barn was burned last night," etc. I have known a man's holiday ruined by a friend writing, "An article in yesterday's *Daily Leader* gave you a blast." The friend did not send a copy of the "blast," and the poor man was in such a state of mental unrest that his brain became frayed at the edges, worrying over the matter, and wondering what evil thing the *Leader* had said regarding him. If I must know of these things, I prefer to hear of them on my return, so I instructed my friends not to send me any mail matter. Yesterday I called at a Postoffice to mail a letter. The Postoffice was in a small village in a bay on the gulf coast. It is the smallest Postoffice I ever saw. It is a shed about eight feet square attached to the rear residence of the P. M. I found it to contain two maps of Canada, one chair, one pine table and one letterbox for outgoing mails, both foreign and domestic.

The postmaster sells stamps at the ordinary market quotations, and guesses how many stamps you should put on your letter by "hefting" it in his hand. I did not

think of asking him for any mail. I would have thought it as likely that I would receive an offer of the crown of Bulgaria as that I would receive a letter there. The postmaster knew who I was, for in these small villages a stranger's arrival, his name and his probable business are soon known, and he said: "Veel I ze pleasure have to sen' ze mail of monsieur to ze boat?"

"MAIL?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Mail for me?"

"Oui, monsieur; much! grande! tr-r-r-remendous!"

"Well, if there is any, just give it to me—I'll take it. Needn't bother sending it."

"Monsieur could not carry eet, ze amount of eet ees so much. I have take eet in ze house. Monsieur can see ze sacks."

"Sacks?"

"Oui, oui, Im-m-mense! ter-r-r-ific. I show monsieur."

Then he went into the house, and dragged out two great sacks full of newspapers, each of them addressed to me. There were all kinds of newspapers, dailies and weeklies, published at all sorts of places, from Mexico to Manitoba.

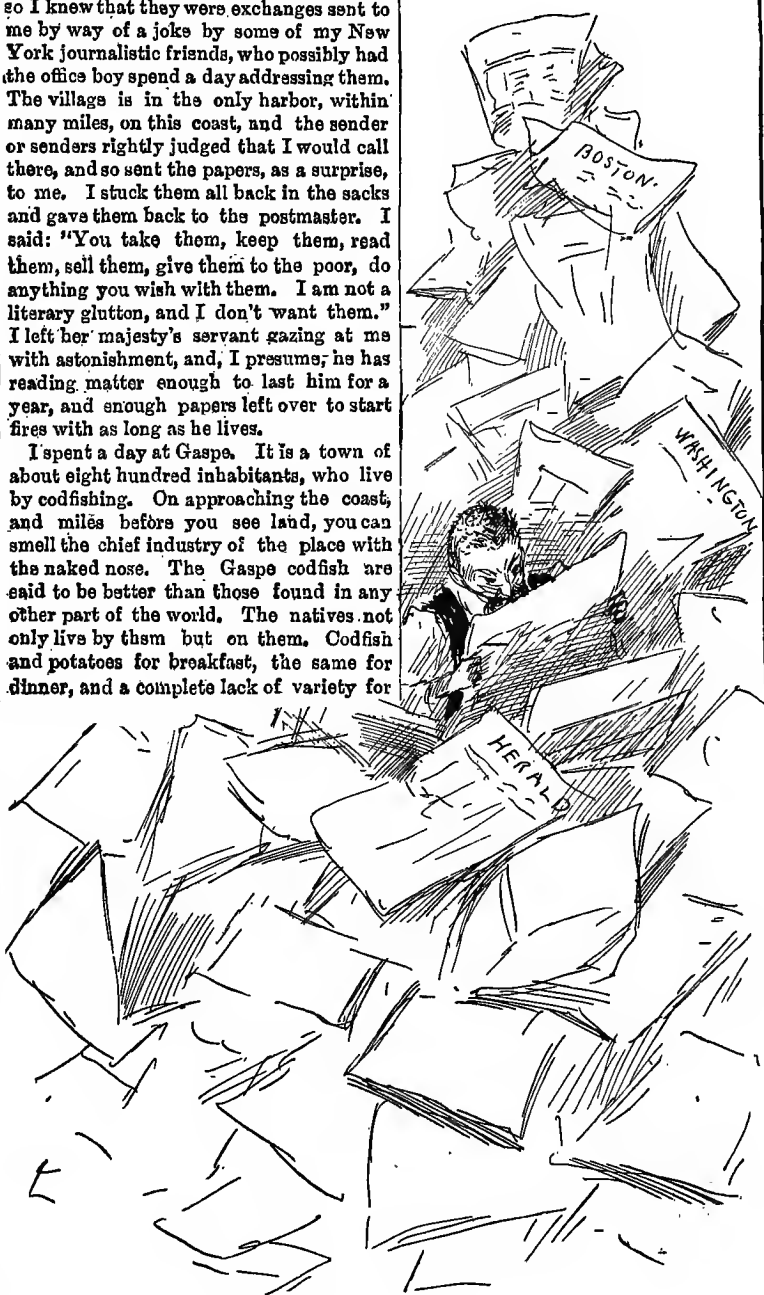
"Tree hundred and seexty-seex is ze amount I count—more as we gets at ze Postoffice in tree, four year."

I opened some of the newspapers and



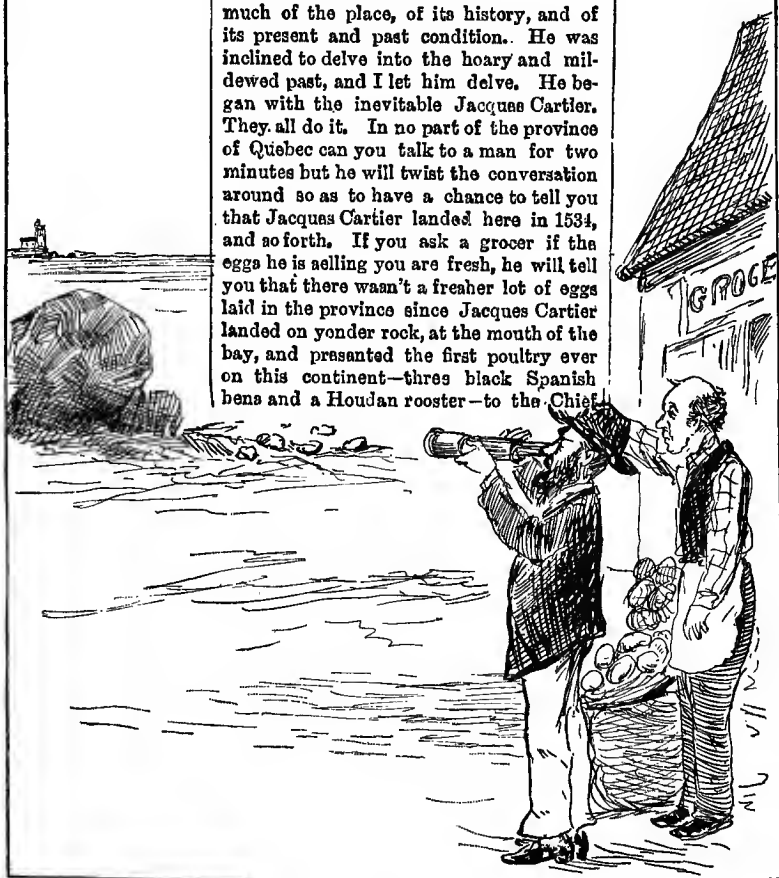
"saw traces of the exchange editor's shears, so I knew that they were exchanges sent to me by way of a joke by some of my New York journalistic friends, who possibly had the office boy spend a day addressing them. The village is in the only harbor, within many miles, on this coast, and the sender or senders rightly judged that I would call there, and so sent the papers, as a surprise, to me. I stuck them all back in the sacks and gave them back to the postmaster. I said: "You take them, keep them, read them, sell them, give them to the poor, do anything you wish with them. I am not a literary glutton, and I don't want them." I left her majesty's servant gazing at me with astonishment, and, I presume, he has reading matter enough to last him for a year, and enough papers left over to start fires with as long as he lives.

I spent a day at Gaspé. It is a town of about eight hundred inhabitants, who live by codfishing. On approaching the coast, and miles before you see land, you can smell the chief industry of the place with the naked nose. The Gaspé codfish are said to be better than those found in any other part of the world. The natives not only live by them but on them. Codfish and potatoes for breakfast, the same for dinner, and a complete lack of variety for



supper. An "ancient and fishlike smell" permeates everything on the coast. The chief agricultural product of the place is potatoes, and it is said that they are often found with fish bones in them. A large fleet of vessels is devoted to the fisheries. The cod is split and cleaned, and then spread out in rows, acres in extent, to dry in the sun.

I met an old whalerman who told me much of the place, of its history, and of its present and past condition. He was inclined to delve into the hoary and mildewed past, and I let him delve. He began with the inevitable Jacques Cartier. They all do it. In no part of the province of Québec can you talk to a man for two minutes but he will twist the conversation around so as to have a chance to tell you that Jacques Cartier landed here in 1534, and so forth. If you ask a grocer if the eggs he is selling you are fresh, he will tell you that there wasn't a fresher lot of eggs laid in the province since Jacques Cartier landed on yonder rock, at the mouth of the bay, and presented the first poultry ever on this continent—three black Spanish hens and a Houdan rooster—to the Chief



of the Miomac Indians; and then he will take you to the door and let you look at the rock through a field glass.

THE DEMON DISCOVERER.

The name of the discoverer of Canada haunts me; I cannot get away from it. Out in the gulf I pass a fishing smack, and "Jacques Cartier, St. John, N. B." is painted on her stern. I go ashore, and find "L'Hotel de Jacques Cartier" stares me in the face. I shut my eyes and I see, in great white letters dancing on a black background, the name of Jacques Cartier. I go to sleep repeating the name, I cannot help it, and in the morning the first sentence that forms itself in my waking brain is "Jacques Cartier discovered Canada in 1534—confound him!" I went to a little church, last Sunday, to hear a sermon. The preacher's text was "Lo! I come" (Psalms xl:7), and the first words of the sermon were "Brethren, when Jacques Cartier came!"

I stayed to hear no more.

To return to the old whaler. He told me that when Cartier first landed at Gaspe he found a tribe of Indians unusually advanced in civilization. They knew the points of the compass; had maps of the country for many hundreds of miles along the coast; knew a little of astronomy; and worshiped a cross. They had a tradition that told of men who had landed on their shores in distant ages, and who, by erecting a cross, cured them of a dreadful plague that was then destroying them. It is supposed that these men were Norse Vikings, who established fishing stations here in the eleventh century, and told the Indians something of Christianity.

The Miomacs had many legends and traditions that seemed to indicate that some story parallel to the world's history, as told in the Bible, may have reached them. One of these is to the effect that, in the early ages of the world, men and beasts spoke one language, and lived in harmony together for many, many years. The Great Spirit lived in a beautiful island far out in the sea, where neither bird nor canoe could venture, and where no man nor beast had ever been. As time went on, the children of men, and the bear, the bison, the turtle, and other beasts wanted to go to the island, and they held a council



LANDING OF
J.C.

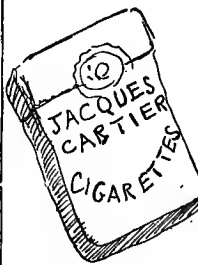
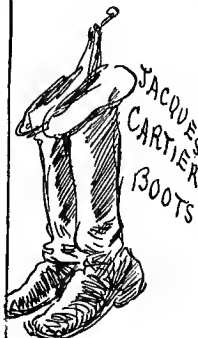
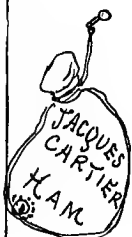


L'HOTEL
de
JACQUES
CARTIER

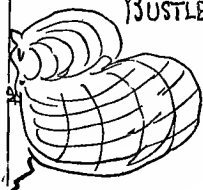


JACQUES
CARTIER

CORSETS



JACQUES
CARTIER
BUSTLE



and determined to build a causeway across the sea, and only the Wise Owl objected, and predicted dire calamity if they should do so, but they heeded not. And from far and wide they came, and the beaver cut down the trees, and the bear and the turtle carried rocks, and, as they began to build, a great miracle was wrought, and the beasts and the men who had hitherto spoken the same tongue, could not understand each other, and the building of the causeway came to naught, and the builders were scattered over the face of the earth. Since then only the Wise Owl has spoken a word that men could understand, and for ages in the gloomy depths of the woods he has startled the Indian with his mournful words, "Too-woot, Too-wo," which, being freely translated, meaneth, "You sons of guns, I told you so."

The Micmac nation now consists of about eight thousand Indians, scattered all along the coast of the maritime provinces, who live by hunting and fishing. Many years ago, when the Governor General of Canada visited Gaspe he was waited on by a delegation of chiefs of the Micmacs. Among other things that they had recovered from a wreck was a box of decanter labels, made of metal and adorned with gilt letters. Not knowing their proper use, the chiefs used them as neck ornaments, and entered the presence of the Governor labeled "Old Tom," "Sherry," "Whisky," "Brandy," etc.



If you look on the map you will see that Gaspe is at the point of a great peninsula running into the gulf and lying between the St. Lawrence and the bay of Chaleur. Here was once a great whaling ground, but now very few whales are found in this region. It is a bleak and desolate shore, and strangers seldom linger there longer than the time it takes the steamer to land and receive the mail and freight. The traveler usually walks through the village until the cheerless surroundings make him blue and low spirited, and the odor of codfish, in a state of desuetude, percolates through his system; then he goes back to his boat, and writes in his diary under the head of

DESCRIPTION OF GASPE.

The scenery here covers as much ground as at some other places, but it is not so varied or obtrusive. It consists chiefly of codfish lying on their backs in the cold embrace of death, and of a photograph gallery where photos, representing groups of the deceased spread out in rows, are sold for 50 cents each.' Then the boat sails away, and the tourist never, never comes back there again.

It has been said that Frenchmen cannot be denationalized. The French Canadian is a strong evidence of the truth of this statement. He is as French in thought, speech and manners as were his forefathers who came from France two hundred years ago. I had always thought that the Scotch, as a rule, held to their manners, customs and language with more than ordinary tenacity. If so, there are wonderful exceptions to the rule in several places on the St. Lawrence. After the conquest of Canada the English gave several grants of land to a Scotchman named Malcolm Frazer, who settled many families on it. I saw quite a number of Frazers and McNabs who could not speak a word of English. They were Scotch in appearance, but French in everything else. It was very odd to hear these sandy haired, freckle faced Scotchmen say in French, that they could not speak English, or to hear some speak English with the French accent.

From Cape Gaspe south, as we proceed along the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, we notice that the Catholic churches are further and further apart;

crosses cease to crown the hilltops, and we gradually sail out of a French into a Scotch and English atmosphere. The hills are not so barren, and there are less of them than on the St. Lawrence coast. I am glad of this, for I was getting weary of the sameness of the lower St. Lawrence. In traveling these waters in a steamer you pass so quickly that the scenery does not become monotonous. I commend to you the trip from Montreal to Pictou in Nova Scotia by steamer. The Quebec Steamship Company send a steamer, the Miramichi, over this route twice a month during the summer. The Miramichi was built for a blockade runner, and is a very handsome and well equipped boat. She leaves Montreal on, say, Monday and runs to Pictou, in Nova Scotia, a distance of over a thousand miles, arriving in Pictou on Saturday. The route is down the St. Lawrence past the island of Anticosti and Cape Gaspe into the gulf, through the bay of Chaleur, touching at several points on Prince Edward's Island, and through Northumberland straits to Pictou. From there a train will take you in a few hours to Halifax or to St. John, New Brunswick, or by steamer you can reach Boston in a day.



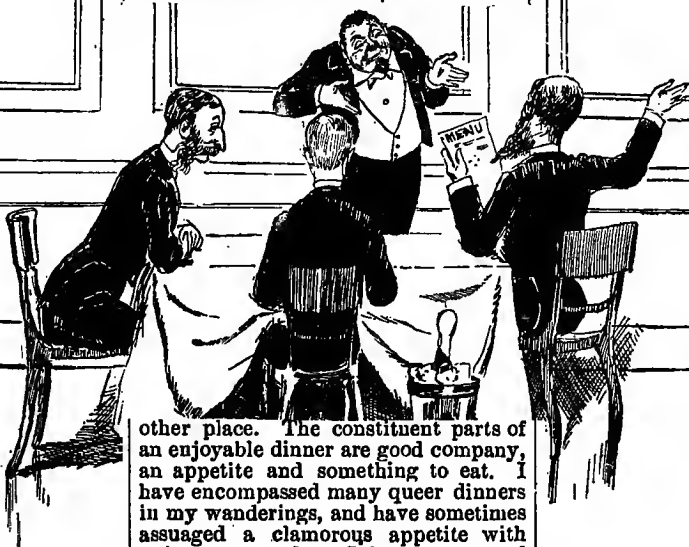
LOG OF THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN

**Col. Knox Tells the Story
of a Good Dinner.**

**Eccentricities of a Nova
Scotia Goat.**

**Tribulations of Trying to
Write Without a Subject.**

I like to dine. I like a good dinner. What would be an excellent dinner at one time, and under some circumstances, might be considered a very wretched meal at some other time, and in some



other place. The constituent parts of an enjoyable dinner are good company, an appetite and something to eat. I have encompassed many queer dinners in my wanderings, and have sometimes assuaged a clamorous appetite with unique provender. I have consumed expensive viands in the gilded haunts of millionaires, whose tables groaned under luxuries garnered from all the ends of the earth; and again, on the plains of the West, hundreds of miles from a napkin, I have breakfasted on a prickly pear, dined on a chew of tobacco, and supped on a reminiscence. I have surfeited myself on the high-priced food of the rich, and I have cultivated

corns on my palate with the friction of the yellow biscuit and corn bread of the lowly cowboy. But of all the dinners in which I have ever participated, one I ate yesterday was the most enjoyable. It will be to me an enduring memory while life lasts. In the years to come I shall look back and see it, an oasis of a dinner amid the arid wastes of the soups, joints and entries of the boarding house table d'hôte on which I preyed in early life.

It was in a cabin on the side of a bleak mountain in Nova Scotia that I enjoyed this rare dinner. I went ashore yesterday morning very early, and hired an Irishman to guide me through the mountains in search of partridges, or such other game as might cross our path. In about 20 miles of a tramp we found nothing worthy of death. The bleak and barren hills are very sparsely inhabited. The soil, when there is any, is thin and poor, and the hills are steep and bare. You could

Not Raise Even an Echo on Them.

We had walked from dawn until almost sunset; we had eaten nothing all day, and we were very tired and hungry. I was so hungry that I could actually hear the hunger gnawing holes in the ceiling of my interior, and occasionally turning around and biting itself on the leg from mere spite, vexation and weariness of waiting.

Down near the foot of the mountain, a mile away, we saw a house. Toward it we directed our steps, and with throbbing appetites approached what we discovered to be a very wretched cabin. Five bare legged children and an unattractive pig occupied the foreground of the dollar-an-acre landscape.

"Not much prospect of a banquet here, Larry?"

"I be thinking so, sir; to judge by that pig, that hasn't more fat on his ribs than wid oil a jewsharp, and the childher, that haven't as much clothes on the pack of thim as would clean a gun, it's a rimmant of the famine of '47 we have atruck."

We entered the hut and found the owner, an Irishman, sitting on a stool beside a pot, eating potatoes. His mode of eating was to break the potato in two pieces, dip the end of the half in salt that was spread on his knee, and then squeeze it out of its skin into his mouth. When I told him that we were



hungry he expressed regret that he had nothing but potatoes to offer us, but what he had he said, we were welcome to, "wid a heart and a half." His hospitable wife, suggested that while we rounded the edge of our appetites with the potatoes she would make a scone of oatmeal bread, and if John, her husband, would catch the goat, we could have milk.

John found the goat in the act of masticating the hair stuffing of a new horse collar. When he realized that his horse collar was being filed away in the digestive machinery of a \$2 goat, the disastrous character of the misfortune dawned on him, and he gave vent to his feelings in a yell that sounded like the wail of a lost soul prowling around a Chicago street at 1 A. M. With dismay in every feature, and a singletree in his hand, he went for the goat. She did not wait for him, but spreading her tail to the breeze, she promenaded off in that jaunty and debonair way peculiar to mountain goats. She went streaking around the house, up the hill, then down and across the brook, and back, and around the house with John in full cry in her wake. As the pageant came tearing past the door, the goat bleating a derisive defiance, John waving the singletree in the ambient gloaming and calling on us to head her off, and we trying to eat hot potatoes, trip up the goat and laugh all at the same time; it was a spectacle the like of which is seldom seen. The goat went around the house so often



and so rapidly that she looked like a procession of goats that wanted to go somewhere and was

Pressed for Time.

John was suddenly possessed with an inspiration, and as suddenly he stopped in his mad career. Why should he pursue the animal; why not turn, meet, and intercept her on the next lap? With John to think was to act. He was no sooner struck with the idea than he turned, and—then he was struck by the goat, and doubled up like the mattress of a folding bed.

When a goat rushing through space is suddenly confronted by a man, who hits her on the head with his stomach, the goat is invariably surprised. This goat was so astonished that she stood still for a moment, and during that moment she was seized by two of the white-haired children and tied to a cart. We had to slam John on the back with a board to straighten him out. While this was going on the woman milked the goat. Soon the oat-cake was cooked, and then such a dinner as we had! There was nothing, absolutely nothing, but the oatcake, the milk and the potatoes. But how I enjoyed them, and how much of these things I ate, words would fail me to express.

You may not understand why I am so enthusiastic over this dinner—you who order a dinner a la carte, or a la charge-it-up-to-me; but if you will some morning go out into the woods and walk around there until evening without eating anything, and then read this while a frugal supper is being cooked for you, you will appreciate my feelings.

Quite a number of people have asked, "How do you write your letters on board the yacht, and how do you spend your time?" We generally write our letters under adverse circumstances and the canvas roof of the cabin. We hunt for the driest pad of paper on the ship,



and then get a pencil out of the candle box and sharpen it with the carving knife. If you have followed me carefully so far, you will see that we are now ready to write. The next thing is to select a subject. The dispute we had in the morning with the keeper of the wharf, the talk we had with the man who sold us milk, and the pun I made about the "bobstay," may be exceedingly interesting to us, but would not interest the readers of the *HERALD*. It is enough to paralyze a writer to think that what he writes will be read by more than 100,000 people. It fills him with solemnity when he realizes that the thoughts that go surging through his brain, and that crystallizes in type, may go to the world full of a high purpose and typographical errors, and have an influence in forming the tastes, and moulding the character of his fellow-men, or be used to wrap around a sandwich. The humorous fancy that was created, and that wandered through his intellect until it took tangible shape in nonpareil type, may, by countless thousands, be used as a pattern

For Literary Composition or a Shirt,

and columns of sage advice may sink deep into the hearts of yearly subscribers, or be used to wad a gun. You see now how important it is to have a suitable subject. I say, "Murray, what are you going to write about?" He answers, "Well, I shall describe the country we sailed through yesterday, and follow that with a few thoughts on commercial union between Canada and the United States, and then I shall wind up with a synopsis of the history of Canada from its discovery to date."

When he covers all that ground there is nothing left for me, and that is the reason I have to write, as I have in this letter, about a cheap, everyday goat. When I expostulate with Murray about monopolizing all the subjects, he says, "Oh, thunder! haven't you got your imagination to fall back on."

I am not working my imagination on this trip. The things that actually happen are more interesting and humorous than the things that are imagined or created. If you describe a thing you have seen, no matter how strange it is, it will seem natural to the reader, simply because it is natural. The thing that is a mere creation of the imagination can never be as true as the thing that is,

that exists, or that has existed. I lose patience with artists who sit at a desk and sketch characters, digging the features and the eccentricities of form out of their imaginations. Why don't they go out and sit on a bench in the park, or ride up town in a street car, and reproduce the peculiarities of the people they see on the streets or in the cars? There are more quaint and curious eccentricities of form and feature, speech and action, to be observed in the people we meet, than can be created by the most vivid imagination.

Here I am, away off the track and writing about a matter that is not pertinent to anything I had in mind when I began this letter. That is the result of not having a subject to write on. You would, however, pardon my lack of coherence, I am sure, if you saw me trying to finish this letter, as I sit on the quarter deck that slopes at an angle of 45 degrees, while a dense Nova Scotian fog is boring its way through my clothes and making my teeth chatter, and I am holding on to a boom, I think they call it, with one hand and using the other to write this.

THE "CHAMPLAIN."

Full of Patriotism and Whisky.

THE LEPERS OF TRACADIE.

I have had about all the yachting and all the rest I need this summer. I am actually fatigued with resting. When Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays for him, he made one of his characters come on l. u. e. and say, "If all the years were playing holidays, to rest would be as tedious as to toil." As I am at present estranged from my library, I may have got the quotation wrong, but as written above it expresses the idea the author meant to convey.

I am very glad that we have to earn not only our bread but our holidays by the sweat of our brows. We appreciate the bread all the more because we have to labor for it. If there was no night the continuous day would be a weariness. If it was not for the days of labor, we would not appreciate the holidays. I am beginning to think that I shall be as glad to go back to work as I was to leave it when I entered on this three months' rest. Man may get so much pie—especially if it is all the same kind of pie—that he will yearn for a piece of plain bread, by way of change. I believe that to-day I would enjoy being back in the busy haunts of the metropolis, climbing over my fellow man in an effort to get a scat in a cross-town car, better than I now enjoy sitting in the woods here, on the coast of Prince Edward's Island, with foreign ants and strange members of the bug family prospecting all over me.

It is a blessed thing that we are so built by nature, that all of us like change of scene and occupation. If it were otherwise and humanity had been content to remain as created, we would all be decollette savages, without a desire to improve our condition or take a chance in the Louisiana lottery.

Yachting is very enjoyable, I know, and I like it, but there is a sort of monotony about dodging the foresail when it gybes to port, and dodging it again five minutes afterwards when it gybes to starboard; and there is a lack of variety in stepping over the same bucket, and upsetting the same pot of spar varnish every time you take a turn on deck; and then

a diet in which codfish takes "center stage" and plays the leading role, may be nutritive but is not attractive. These things however are not so wearying to me as has been the dreadful sameness of the coast line of the lower St. Lawrence and of the gulf. I pour out wild unbridled language every morning, when I awake and look out on rocks and hills and cliffs that have the same bare and desolate appearance as have other rocks and hills and cliffs that we have been passing every day for a month. I little thought that I should ever really be filled with a fervent desire to see "Try Boker's Bitters," or "Get Your Suspenders at Cohens," painted in two colors, on the face of nature, but I assure you I would give a trade dollar to refresh my eyes by gazing on a rock or headland so adorned.

MULE ON PRAIRIE.

I used to like mountains, and I remember when I lived on the plains, how tiresome the unbroken curve of the horizon became as we looked on it from day to day, and how Simpson, when he was confined to the house with a broken leg, used to have a mule staked out on the prairie to rest his eye on, as he expressed it, and "vary the darned monotony of fifty miles of dead, level dirt."

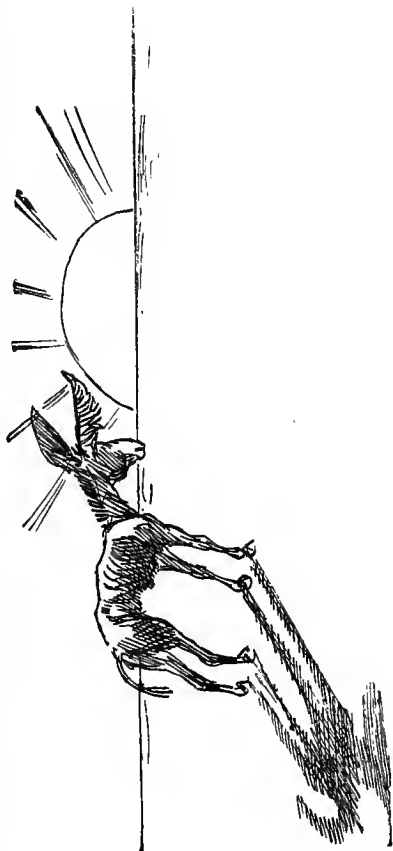
But that was not any worse than this. Of course there is some variety in the size of the rocks and hills, but it is the same variety repeated daily, and I have had enough of it. When I have feasted my eye on all there is of a ten-cent panorama, I don't encore it and ask the man to keep on turning the handle, until I get a dollar's worth.

One thing I am glad of: I have escaped from the land infested by the French-Canadian. Down here on Prince Edward's Island there are very few of them. I had become so accustomed to exchanging my bad French for their worse English, that this morning, down in the bay below, when I met a man who had an up-all-night-and-don't-care-who-knows-it expression of countenance, I said: "Parlez-vous Anglaise?"

The man said:

"No, faith, an' I don't, an' I'm not ashamed to own it, but I spake English, thank God!"

The inhabitants of this Island are mostly Scotch and English, and I have already found that they enjoy a good American joke, when it is laboriously explained to them, put in writing, and left with them over night. I have also dis-





covered that any facetious remark regarding her gracious majesty is considered a sin against high heaven and the British constitution. I saw what I presume was a typical Prince Edward's Islander this morning at five o'clock. He was standing on a wharf, full of patriotism and whisky. The spray was dashing against his bare Highland legs, and the wind was tossing the scant locks on his uncovered head, while he was, in the most solemn manner, singing "God Save the Queen."

THE LEPERS OF TRACADIE.

Yesterday, I saw the most miserable, hopeless, wretched wreck of humanity that I have ever looked on—a leper.

A hundred and thirty years ago, when England and France were at war, the French who lived on the coast near the mouth of the Miramichi river, were in dire straits. They were harassed by English cruisers that captured vessels freighted with supplies sent to their relief. Their trade in fish and furs was destroyed, and famine was carrying them off by the hundreds. A French vessel, in an effort to escape from an English cruiser, ran ashore and was wrecked. The starving and almost naked fishermen siezed on the

wreckage and, among other things, found many boxes of old clothes. They thanked God and the saints for what they considered a blessing and a manifestation of the Lord's special interest in their welfare. The supposed blessing turned out to be the most fearful calamity that could have befallen them. The wrecked vessel had been engaged in the Levant trade, before coming to Canada, and the old clothes had been shipped at Smyrna, and, as subsequent events proved, contained the germs of the most fearful disease that flesh is heir to—leprosy, "the unclean disease" of the Mosaic record. This awful malady soon broke out among the half-starved fishermen and from that day to this there have been lepers in Canada, and the same sentence has been pronounced on them that the Lord once instructed Moses to pronounce on the leper of old: "He is unclean. He shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be."

At Tracadie, there is a lazaretto in which all the lepers are confined. Leprosy is the most hopeless of all diseases and one of the most loathsome. Its progress at first is slow, and the disease is painless; but there is no mistaking the unnatural whiteness of the skin that indicates the first stage of the horrible plague. Then it is that the victim must bid farewell to all that is bright, or pure, or lovable on earth, and suffer a living death in the foul Lazaretto, where, with others similarly cursed, he will swell and rot and slowly fall to pieces, until death ends his agony. Wives are forcibly torn from the embrace of husbands, and children are taken from their mothers' arms and consigned to the prison hospital.

A strange thing about this leprosy is that a healthy mother may have a leprous child, and a woman in the last stages of the disease has been known to give birth to a child that grew to womanhood, and did not show any symptoms of the leprosy.

When the skin has become perfectly white, the second stage of the disease begins, and with it comes pain and indescribable suffering. Yellow spots appear all over the body, and slowly spread until they run into one another. Then the limbs swell and the skin cracks, and the third and last stage begins with the appearance of dreadful ulcers, the thickening of the skin, the distortion of the features, and the dropping off of joints of fingers and toes. The end is blindness, helplessness, corruption.

Faugh! I wish I had not seen it. I suppose you wish I had not written of it.

LOG OF THE YACHT CHAMPLAIN

The Cruise Ended and the Craft in Winter Quarters.

A Glorious Holiday and Some of Its Features.

This is the last word written in the log of the yacht Champlain. The log is going to be locked away in a drawer, and no more entries will be made in it until "the robins nest again." The trim little craft that has carried us so safely over and through several thousand miles of smooth and rough waters, will be tied to a cat's-head, have her masts extracted, and have an awning built over her. Thus protected, she will wait until next year, when she will again be prepared to sail through summer seas. To-day my three months' holiday ends here, "in the Acadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas."

I write this on a green hillside, just above where was once the village of Grand Pre, and at my feet lie the

meadows made historic by Longfellow, and where in the years long gone were the "thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers." Below me, stretching to the water's edge, are thousands of acres of meadow land, reclaimed from the sea by the French immigrants who came here in the early part of the 17th century. They were an industrious people. They built dykes to keep the water away from rich, alluvial land, on which they raised immense crops of grain, much of which they exported to Boston. They were a contented people, simple in their habits and plain in their mode of living. In the frequent wars between France and England, they took up arms against the English. When Nova Scotia was ceded to the British the Acadians

Refused to Take the Oath of Allegiance.

They outnumbered the Nova Scotians, who were loyal to the English Government, and in the subsequent wars they fought on the French side. In 1755 the Council at Halifax determined that the Acadians must either take the oath of allegiance or leave the country. They were called together, and the alternative was set before them. They chose exile. Their lands and property were therefore confiscated, and they were banished to North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland. All the world knows the sad story of their exile as told by Longfellow.

Well, our summer cruise is ended. What do I think of it and what do I think of Canada.

I liked it. I enjoyed it. I recommend it to all of you who can spare the time next year to follow, at least a part of the way, on our trail; but I do not commend the whole of it. I have seen much of the Province of Quebec, and of the shores of lonely Labrador, and I have sailed down the St. Lawrence, around Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and along the shores of New Brunswick, and to-day I shall end my summer cruise at Halifax, where I shall leave by steamer for Bos-

ton. A grand holiday and a pleasant time we have had, sailing through river and lake and sea. Most enjoyable it was at first. Through Lake Champlain, down the Richelieu, into the St. Lawrence, and down that great river as far as Quebec, and beyond that to the Saguenay. That was good. All of it was good. So far there was never a more enjoyable yachting cruise; green lawns sloping away back from the river; grand old woods of hemlock and spruce, balsam and birch; cool springs in sunlit glades; quiet bays where fish were plenty, and where, lying at anchor, we rested and romanced.

And Built Castles in the Air.

Such a trip I commend to you. The historic peaks of the Adirondacks, the pastoral scenery of the upper St. Lawrence and the wild and desolate cliffs and crags of the Saguenay are surely worth seeing.

But I never again want to sail down the lower St. Lawrence, or along the gulf coast. It is a wretched, cold, inhospitable, barren country—a dreary monotony of bleak headlands, rocky inlets, and fishing villages, where the inhabitants, when not trying to catch codfish, are fighting starvation. Don't go there. You will see nothing but people who mangle the old time French language, priests who live on the labor of these people, pitiful strips of half cultivated land, churches in number far beyond the necessities of the population, and rocks and hideous shoals that are monuments to thousands of the shipwrecked dead of three centuries.

Like Canada? Yes, I like it. I like the good Canadians we met—like them for their hospitality and their kindness to us. I like the country for its coolness in summer and its picturesqueness in winter, but I do not want to annex it to the United States. The man is a fool who will say that it will not some day form a part of the greatest republic on earth. A Congress at Washington will govern Canada some day, but I doubt if we or any of our sons shall have any part in that government. I surely think that our grandchildren will. It will come about and be consummated gradually and of necessity, but meanwhile there

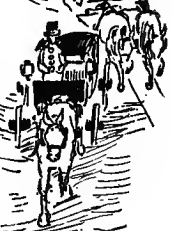


is no reason why the two countries should not exist and be prosperous under separate governments. Four fifths of the people of Canada to-day would vote in favor of commercial union with the United States. Four-fifths would vote against annexation. This is merely my opinion, based on what I have seen and heard, and what representative Canadians have told me.

How did I like yachting? Well, I have traveled on almost everything, from an Irish jaunting car to a camel's hump; have crossed continents on the deck of a canal boat and on board of a bucking broncho, but no means of locomotion have I ever enjoyed as much as I did

Sailing on the Champlain.

To see a country and enjoy a holiday, a yacht is unquestionably the best vehicle.



THE YACHT CRUISE ENDED.

Reviling the Alleged Pleasures of Yachting.

KNOX'S LETTER.

Some of the Trials of a Humorist—Parting with the Yacht.

YACHT CHAMPLAIN.—This is the last day of my yachting cruise this summer, and, as this is the last letter that I shall write to you for some time, and wishing to part without any hard feelings or misunderstanding on either side, I beg to make the following personal statement:

I distinctly object to being considered a humorist. Of course those who know me best—you, my friendly readers, and my creditors for instance—are well aware of the fact that I am not a humorist, and, heaven knows, never claimed to be.

The fact that I have been associated in business with more than one humorist has somehow led to the erroneous belief that I am so full of facetiousness that I have only to turn a faucet and it flows out of me. I know that there are many people now on earth, with whom I am not acquainted, who will go down to their silent sarcophagi hugging the delusion that I am so surcharged with humor that I have to get up in the night to give it opportunity to escape, and that I often wake up the hired man at 2 a. m. to tell him a new-laid joke.

There are others who think that because I come from Texas I should wear long hair, have a bowie in my boot, and a revolver in each pocket. On meeting me for the first time these people feel that they have been imposed upon, and that I am not what they had a right to expect, nor all that I should be. On being introduced to a Vermont man, recently, he expressed himself as feeling actually hurt because I did not begin shooting at him.

When the stranger to whom I have been introduced gets through with me he walks sadly away and, when he gets around the corner, tells his friends that I am more or less of a brass-mounted fraud.

The disappointment of these strangers reminds me of that of the man from

Podunk, who went up to Boston to hear Mark Twain lecture. He got into the wrong hall where, for two hours, he listened to Rev. Joe. Cook, thinking all the time that it was Twain who was speaking. Then he went back to Podunk on the midnight train. Next morning a Podunker met him.

"Been to Bosting, Hiram?"

"Yap."

"To hear Twain lecture?"

"Yap."

"An' did ye hear him?"

"Why, course I did. That's what I went for."

"War he funny?"

"Wall, y-e-e-s, he war funny, but he warnt so goshed darned funny."

It is a great misfortune to get the reputation of being funny. The unfortunate creature so afflicted is to be pitied. People stand around with their mouths ajar ready to laugh when he speaks, and should he fail to exude scintillating gems of idiocy at every tick of the clock they say he is an overrated humbug. Even the professional humorist, who makes a living by restoring old jokes of the glacial epoch and by blowing life into the mummied dust of the jests of the hilarious past, suffers much at the hands of the thoughtless throng that he meets in his daily walks. They haul him into gilded saloons, and, after forcing expensive refreshments on him, try to seduce him to say something funny. It would be no more impertinent to ask the dentist they may happen to meet at a club to entertain the company by pulling a tooth, or to request a broker to broke for their amusement.

Now, while I have your ear, or to be exact, your eye, I wish to tell you of another grievance I have. I like to tell my grievances to people who cannot talk back to me and tell me of bigger ones that they are afflicted with.

There is another popular fallacy that places me in a false light, and causes me many a sleepless lunch hour. It consists of a widespread belief that I possess more of that moral quality called cheek than usually falls to the lot of the average poor, weak worm of the dust. It originated in this wise: I once wrote to a Western editor, and asked him to insert in his "valuable and widely read journal" a notice or criticism of the production, in New York, of a play that I and an accomplice had written. The notice was only about a column in length, and I had taken the pains to write it myself. I always write my own notices because you never

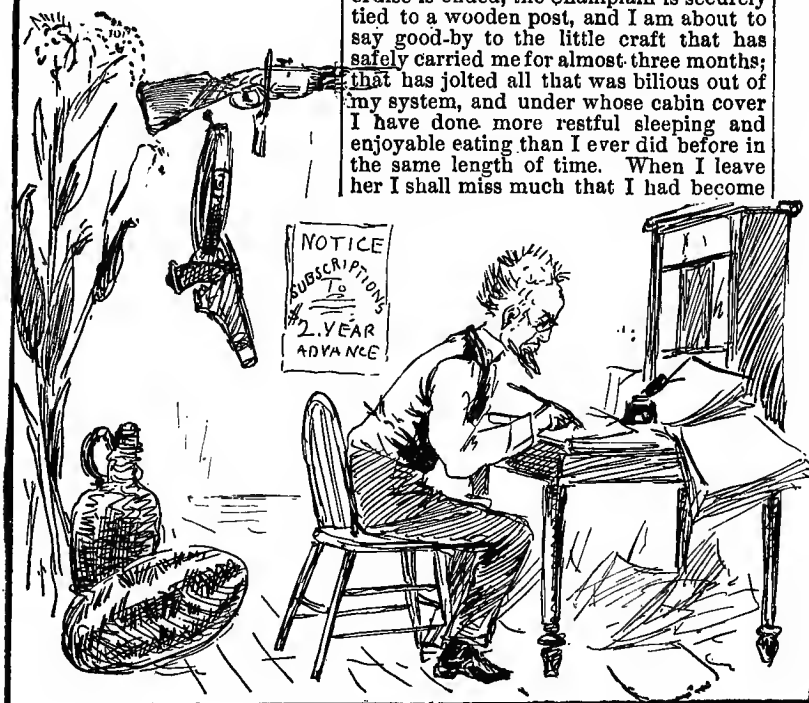
know the editor personally, yet I addressed him in a cordial and familiar way, just as I would an equal, and I told him that he was at liberty to jam the notice into any vacant corner of the paper (editorial page preferred), "no questions asked and no money to change hands." The following is what he wrote me in reply:

"Sir:—If I had your cheek I would have it stuffed. Tom Ochiltree claims to have more cheek than any man in the United States. He has probably never met you. If you should ever scoot across my path I would like to take you up the gulch to some quiet nook where we could compare cheeks, and where I could learn on the dead quiet how you manage to keep out of jail."

Now wasn't that unkind? Ever since, when that varlet needs a few lines to fill out a column, he puts in something supposed to be "cute and cunning" about my cheek and sends me a marked copy of his paper.

All of this goes to show that the press molds public opinion, and that, even when it has a chattel mortgage on it, it can make or mar a reputation.

Well, the first section of our yachting cruise is ended, the Champlain is securely tied to a wooden post, and I am about to say good-by to the little craft that has safely carried me for almost three months; that has jolted all that was bilious out of my system, and under whose cabin cover I have done more restful sleeping and enjoyable eating than I ever did before in the same length of time. When I leave her I shall miss much that I had become



accustomed to while on board. I may not again for some time drink coffee out of a shaving mug, nor bump my head against obtrusive lockers and beams, nor eat biscuits that are burned on the top and have to be scalped before being eaten, and I won't find salt water in my gravy; neither shall I button my shirt with a piece of tarred rope for many a long day to come. Instead of that I shall soon discard my seafaring clothes, and, in the garb of civilization, mingle again with my fellow-man on the front platform of a horse car, and the jingle and rattle and noise of city streets will take the place of the sound of rippling water and moaning wind on river and lake and sea. I shall like the change, but I know I shall always look back with pleasure to the many pleasant days that we sailed on summer seas. We experienced but few hardships on the trip, and we met with much that was very enjoyable. Of course, to have to get up in the middle watches of a damp, dark night, when a gale was blowing, and help to haul in an anchor or push a lea shore off our bows with a 50-cent boat-hook was at the time considered a tough experience, but time and distance have mellowed its toughness, and to me it has now all the seeming of an agreeable, unique and interesting episode.

It is a goodly thing, isn't it, that our memory retains with much more tenacity our pleasant than it does our unpleasant experiences. We remember the pleasures and joys long after we have forgotten the pains and sorrows of the past. When we think of our boyhood we remember the glorious summer bathing in the willow margined pond down by the mill, while we forgot the going supperless to bed in the cold, dark winter nights. We remember the joyous ramble in the woods, or up the mountain side, while we forget the painful sore toe and the cheerless mumps. 'Tis well that it is so.

Our whole cruise was a bright and pleasant holiday, made so to a great extent by the hospitality and attentions of the good Canadian people it was our fortune to meet.

Enjoyable, too, was the writing of the letter to you once a week, telling you of some of the noteworthy incidents of the voyage. Although you never answered any of my letters I bear you no ill-will, and I hope some day to have opportunity to write to you again.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENT.

Mr. J. H. Johnston's New Place on Union Square, New York—Diamonds, Jewelry and Silverware.

There is probably no man in New York so well known individually in connection with the handling of diamonds, watches, jewelry and silverware, as Mr. J. H. JOHNSTON. For thirty-four years he has conducted a large establishment at the corner of the Bowery and Broome street, and the customers of that establishment are to be found literally all over the world. During all of these long years Mr. Johnston has sustained a most honorable reputation, absolute accuracy of representation in regard to the goods offered being one of the fundamental and never-departed-from rules of the establishment.

But at last "the uptown march of trade" has carried Mr. Johnston along with it, and Tiffany now has a Union square rival. On the opposite Fifteenth street corner, where the old Bank of the Metropolis used to be, Mr. Johnston has opened a really magnificent establishment. In fact it may be considered the most beautifully fitted up store in the whole city of New York, and especially in this line of business. The magnificent show cases extend from the floor to the ceiling, and with the equally handsome centre show cases, are valued at \$17,000. In these cases and throughout the store is displayed a rarely handsome and complete stock of diamonds, watches, jewelry and silverware—all offered at prices that are a veritable revelation to Union square.

There is not a finer or more reliable stock of such goods in the United States than this is. When that is said all is said that can be said—even though one were to print columns of laudation. Mr. Johnston takes personal charge of this uptown palace of luxury, ably assisted by his staff of salesmen. The down-town establishment is still continued, under the management of Mr. Albert Johnston, the son of the proprietor. There is no doubt but the Union square establishment will be a great and enduring success. There is certainly no element lacking that is necessary to secure an arrival at such a result. There is also a branch house at Saratoga Springs, at 334 Broadway, open every year during the season.—*New York Star*.

Mr. Proctor's Curious Slip.

In a recent number of the *Harper's Weekly* Mr. R. A. Proctor, scientist, doctrinaire, and profound pundit of whist, appears as the practical propagandist of lotteries. One rises from the reading of this article under a puzzling and comical uncertainty whether he is the salaried proctor of The Louisiana Lottery, or merely the most monumental of unconscious humorists.

His declared objection, the nominal inspiration of his homily, is to cover the sin of lotteries with such obloquy, and show the impossibility of winning at them in such terms of demonstration, that they will cease to decoy the unwary.

And what is the outcome and fruit of his endeavor? He has succeeded in throwing around the forbidden practice a halo of seduction. He has made lottery-dealing more attractive than it ever was before. He has done as much to stimulate the buying of lottery tickets as the winning of the capital prize by a well-known citizen. He has made himself more valuable to the Louisiana Lottery than a regiment of avowed advocates. He demonstrates the absurdity of expecting to win, abolishes "luck" as an element in the affairs of men, and then, as a practical commentary on his doctrine, tells us that he had made but two experiments in lottery matters, and in each case had won a "goodly prize."

It is hardly credible, except from Mr. Proctor's own lips. Listen to him:

"In passing, I may remark that if I believed in luck I should certainly be tempted to venture in some of these lotteries; for twice, though not from desire for gambling gains, I have tried my luck (as the foolish ones put it) in lotteries, and each time I have won a goodly prize."

Think of arguing a man out of buying a lottery ticket on the theory that there was no such thing as luck, after telling him you had only tried the experiment twice and had won both times. He declares that lightning has no existence, and then admits that he has been struck by it twice. The unconscious humor of the thing is unique, irruptive, and spherulic. The average man actuated by the average natural desire to get rich by a short cut, will recollect Mr. Proctor's demoralizing example and utterly forget Mr. Proctor's moralizing precepts.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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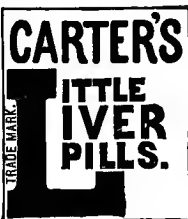
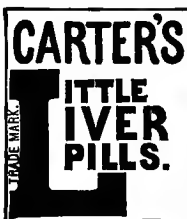
This book will be found exceedingly valuable and useful to all who desire to develop their strength and conserve their health. It gives most important hints on the value of exercise and instructions as to when and how to exercise, what to eat, and what to refrain from eating. It tells of the best mode of economising nervous and muscular strength.

A perusal and study of this book will give new ideas and suggest practical experiments to the athlete, professional or amateur, whether his hobby is running, walking, rowing, boxing, swimming or ball playing.

It is one of the most complete works of its kind, and has the advantage of being the latest published, and contains the newest discoveries in the science of physical culture. The illustrations have been drawn from life by a well-known artist under the personal direction of an athlete of reputation, and the descriptive matter connected with the illustrations has been written by one of the best gymnasium directors in the land.

The price of the book is **10 cents**, sent by mail by A. J. REACH & Co., the celebrated Gymnasium Outfitters and Manufacturers of Sporting Goods, Philadelphia.

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Constipation, Dyspepsia, Distress after Eating, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Pain in the Side, Coated Tongue, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Sallow Skin, and all disorders caused by a bilious state of the system.

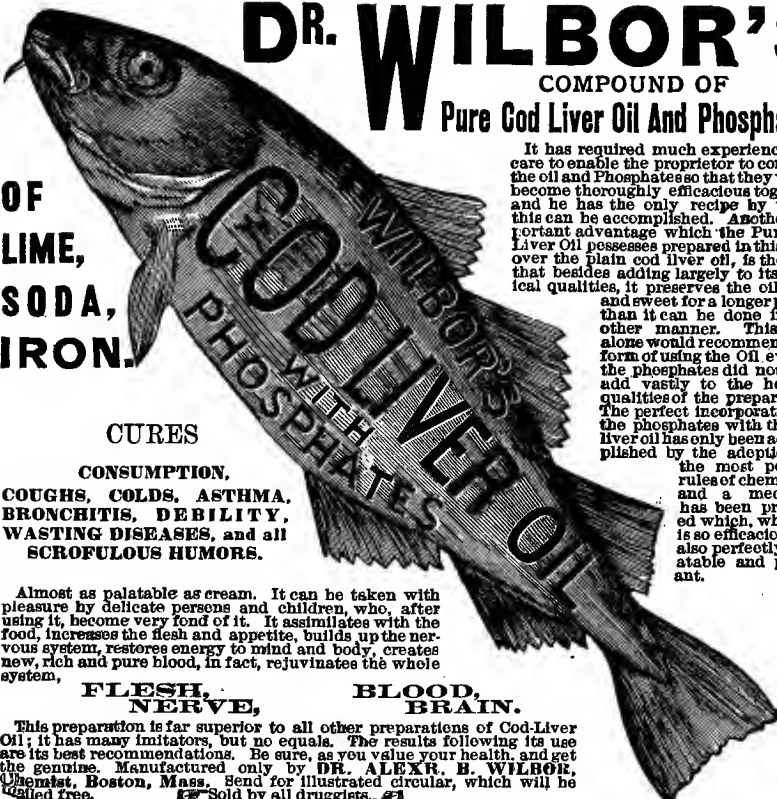
They do this *without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels*, and there is no pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. It is no longer necessary to scour one's insides out with the old fashioned purgative pills, and they are fast giving way to the gentle action of this mild and pleasant remedy.

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What is said by the Press.

The following is from *The N. Y. World*, the great megul of newspaperdom:

DR. PERRY'S NEW DEPARTURE.

Dr. Charles A. Perry, the genial, obliging, thoughtful, good-natured, irrepressible, good-looking, suave, experienced, *savoir-faire*, all-around, and wide-awake yard-wide-and-all-wool night clerk at Hudnut's dispensary has taken a lease on the room in the *Sun* Building recently occupied by Hitchcock, the music man, and will soon open a drug store on his own account. He will keep open at night, and the newspaper boys who have depended on the doctor for years for brain restoratives will certainly follow the man who has the prescription. A fortune awaits the doctor. He deserves it. [Chorus of newspaper boys: "So say we all of us."]



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